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"HEARTS OF GOLD."

Here's to the hearts that love us,
The forms our arms have clasped,
The faces we have gazed upon,
The hands that we have grasped;
For though within our circle
"Old Time" a gap hath cleft,
There are still some pleasures spared to us,
And still some dear ones left.

Here's to the hearts that love us;
May they faithful still remain,
Till the summer sun of happiness
Shall shine on us again.
The hearts that ne'er forsake us,
Nor at fortune's frown grow cold,
Are richer far than "pearls of price,"
For they are "Hearts of Gold."

Plant, plant within our bosoms
One spray of ivy green,
To climb around the ruined home
Of pleasures that "have been;"
But let not us repining,
Ungratefully forget,
That though some storms have come on us,
Sunbeams are left us yet.

Then here's the hearts that love us,
May their friendship never die.
Pledge, pledge them with a grateful love,
And overflowing eye.
Oh! let our true affection
In love's brightest glance be told;
Since purer through the fire have passed
Those faithful "Hearts of Gold!"

MRS. PHARISEE IN SEARCH OF HER TRUANT HUSBAND.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LIX.

Lord Kingswood arrived at Brighton very shortly after Lady Kingswood and Lady Maud had quitted it. He was made acquainted with their abrupt departure immediately on reaching the house she had engaged. He resolved to return to London the same night, but as he had ordered a horse to be brought to the door, that he might take a ride before dinner—a habit he had contracted—he mounted it on its being announced, and galloped along the King's Road to encounter the Marquis of Chillingham, Ishmael and Erle in one damning group.

Before the eve had become night, he was within his library in London again, pacing it in a hot and feverish state, and with his brain filled with maddening thoughts, not alone with respect to Vernon and the boy, who he seemed to feel was his son, but because he fancied that he detected lurking upon the calm, undemonstrative face of the Marquis of Chillingham a triumphant, mocking smile.

He had not forgotten that Chillingham had been one of the first suitors Lady Kingswood had, he had no thought of it except as the vehicle for some pleasantry, he remembered it now.

Apparently, however, he had no cause for jealous alarm. Lady Kingswood had passed through London with Lady Maud St. Clair, and was at Kingswood Hall. Chillingham was at Brighton. In a day or two he would be in London, and he would see him daily, either at the House of Peers or in council. They would thus be apart, and without a probability of their meeting; still he was haunted by jealous doubts of both as by a spectre. His fears, too, were perhaps the greater from the very determined character of Lady Kingswood's conduct towards himself.

Nearly twenty years of married life had given him such an insight into her inner nature—that is, he believed it had, for when a man most conceives he knows a woman best, facts only too frequently prove he knows her least—that he could form a very nearly correct conclusion of the course she would pursue if she discovered how terribly she had been deceived by him. She had been weakly, foolishly jealous of him, and for trifles, too often unfounded, irritated him by her charges, and insulted him by her menaces. Now she had a real grievance, and a minister of revenge and retaliation to her hand. Her own wild, incoherent threats had gradually undermined his confidence, and now his faith in her integrity was ruined, and there needed but a confirmation of his horrible suspicions for a mortal wound to be inflicted upon his honor and his pride.

Should a degradation so complete and overwhelming fall upon him, life could not present to him a single claim to longer endure its burden; but he resolved not to fall without compelling the guilty ones to perish with him.

He felt that he could not stir in the matter; he must remain beneath the shadow of this coming wrong as one who chanced to be beneath a crumbling mass of rock, conscious that it is but a question of time as to when it shall descend and crush him.

He met the Marquis of Chillingham, as he had calculated, almost daily. Tacitly their former intimate relations cooled, their greetings became more distant, and their bearing to each other more haughty.

Not a word of difference, not an expression of disagreement, not an act that could be construed offensively occurred between them. No breach of politeness or of etiquette, no division in principles or in politics arose, apparently none in feeling. Still they silently sundered their long-existing friendship—the Marquis with his cold, passionless, sardonic smile; the Lord of Kingswood with flashing eye and haughty mien.

Lord Kingswood's sagacity and his industry were the theme of general praise; he performed his arduous labors with unflinching perseverance, but his zeal was the more unremitting in those matters which required constant reference to the Marquis of Chillingham for counsel or direction.

Daily communications from Kingswood assured him that Lady Kingswood remained in seclusion at the Hall, his own eyes told him that the Marquis did not quit London.

Time went slowly on, and those affairs in which he was most deeply interested remained perfectly stationary. He heard nothing of Ishmael or his menaces of disclosure; he and his companions, so terrible though so fair to look upon, had disappeared, and Cyril had suddenly, instead of acting in direct hostility to his wish, become constant in his attentions to Eleanore Cotton.

Perhaps this lull augured a fairer setting to the stormy period he had passed through. As if to give some affirmative color to this presumptive aspiration, Pharisee one night appeared suddenly before him.

He glided into the room, and stood by Lord Kingswood's side ere he heard him enter.

Lord Kingswood leaped to his feet, for Pharisee was so disguised he did not know him.

"Pray, my lord, be seated," cried Pharisee, in a low, hurried tone, "be not disturbed or alarmed. It is I, your faithful and devoted servant, Pharisee. I have great and important news for your lordship."

Lord Kingswood, recovering his composure, regarded him sternly.

"What is the meaning of this mummery, man?" he said, in a slow, scornful voice.

"It means, my lord, that my life is not for the present safe in my natural appearance," he returned, in a whisper. "My lord, my lord, I have, at the peril of my life, obtained for you information of the utmost value to your future peace of mind, and when I tell your lordship that, concealed, I overheard Horace Vernon, Esquire, of Eaton-square and Huntingford, confer with that old man of whom I have spoken to your lordship—when I inform your lordship that, believing themselves to be alone, they let out secrets worth half your lordship's fortune to purchase—you will say I could hardly have bought those secrets too dearly at the risk of my life."

He paused, for he saw that Lord Kingswood bent upon him a searching, anxious, tremblingly-eager gaze.

"Go on, Pharisee, my good, faithful fellow," cried his lordship, excitedly, as Pharisee did not attempt to proceed beyond what he had stated. "Do not keep me in suspense, it is possible what you may have to communicate may prove invaluable to me."

"I believe it will, my lord," returned Pharisee; "but your lordship will remember that, while you are great, powerful, and wealthy, I am but a poor servant."

"Pharisee, you shall have no cause to doubt my liberality if your information be of the service to me which you intimate it is," returned his lordship, hastily.

"Pardon me, my lord, if I appear mercenary," returned Pharisee, slowly, purposely to increase his lordship's eagerness; "but liberality is but a vague term. I am but a poor servant, and I am anxious to secure an income for my declining years. I have drawn up a small paper—"

He drew one from his breast as he spoke, but Lord Kingswood frowned and said, hastily and sternly—

"I am not accustomed to make terms of such a kind, especially with one who ought to know that my liberality is not a vague term."

"Your lordship has done well to correct me," returned Pharisee, craftily. "It is because of my knowledge of your lordship's bounty and liberality that I have presumed to draw up this paper, which is simply an agreement to pay me an annuity for life, as I shall have almost immediately to fly my country."

"Fly your country!" cried Lord Kingswood, with surprise; "on what account, man?"

"Upon your lordship's account, solely and wholly upon your lordship's, I assure you," he replied, with a cringing bow.

"Upon mine?" ejaculated Lord Kingswood, with a scornful curl of the lip. "Explain, fellow!"

Pharisee hesitated for a moment. He rubbed his hands over and over; he turned his eye upon the carpet, raising it only occasionally with a furtive glance at Lord Kingswood.

"Proceed!" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, impatiently. "I cannot, after what has passed, hear much to surprise me."

"I don't quite know that," my lord," returned Pharisee. "In fact, I expect that what I am about to reveal will greatly astonish you, agreeably amaze your lordship, but I acquired the information I possess at imminent hazard; and, unhappily for me, I was discovered at the very last moment, and was compelled to fly for my life. I was pursued, but succeeded in escaping for the moment, but the hounds are on my track, my lord, and I know the vindictive nature as well as the desperate tenacity of purpose of the party who is pursuing me. I have already been playing at hide and seek, and it was only by the exercise of extreme cunning and nimbleness that I was able to reach here undetected. By this time I have been marked down, and to get away in safety—"

Lord Kingswood waved his hand with indignant impetuosity.

"Absurd," he cried. "I can and will protect you. Not safe beneath my roof? Let me see the ruffian who would dare invade it in defiance of my authority."

"I have great faith in your lordship's power to shield me," returned Pharisee, in a fawning voice. "But—I—think—I say—I think that, taking all things into consideration, it will be, perhaps, the better course for me to follow out the plan I have hastily formed, especially as it must necessarily be your lordship's wish to avoid publicity as well as my own."

"You are right, Pharisee; you are right," observed his lordship, with quickness, evidently struck by his suggestion. "It is, I must confess, important that these private domestic transactions, which make a gossiping circle chatter and lie, and which can be of no possible interest to a public always too prone to accept unfavorable interpretations, should be kept secret. It is sometimes better to avoid than defend. Possibly, all things considered, having confided to me the secrets in your possession, it will be better for you to retire to some distant land, and there fight out your battle with those who may in spite and malice pursue you because you have outwitted them."

"And therefore, my lord, in order to avoid delay, I have prepared this paper for your lordship to sign in my favor," subjoined Pharisee, tendering, with fingers that slightly trembled, the paper he had already produced.

"What is the positive purport of this document?" asked Lord Kingswood, in an impatient tone, as he snatched rather than took the paper out of Pharisee's hand.

"It is only a simple agreement, my lord, to secure to me for the remainder of my life a small annuity in the event of certain information communicated by me to you proving of such importance as would induce you, without the compulsory assistance of any such instrument as this, to grant it."

Lord Kingswood opened it, and observed that it was very lengthy for an agreement of such a character; but Pharisee rather anxiously assured him that there were only the necessary and usual provisions to make it a legal instrument.

"Enough," said Lord Kingswood, displaying some irritability of manner. "I presume, after so many years' servitude with me, I can trust you in so simple a matter as this. Where is my signature to be affixed?"

"There, my lord," replied Pharisee, pointing out the space left for the purpose.

Lord Kingswood seized a pen and scrawled his accustomed signature on the spot indicated, and then handed the paper back to Pharisee, whose fingers absolutely clutched it as they took possession of it. Carefully applying some blotting paper to the wet ink, he dried it, folded the paper, and put it into his vest with a gleam of triumph upon his face.

"Having complied with your request," observed Lord Kingswood, "proceed to acquaint me with the conversation you overheard, and which you declare to be of such importance to me."

"My lord, one fact must be of primary importance to you, I believe," said Pharisee, "and that is the death of the mother of Mr. Erle."

A livid tint rendered the features of Lord Kingswood for a moment ghastly, and in a low voice, he replied—"Most important."

"Your lordship is, I have no doubt, conscious that Mr. Vernon, of Huntingford, is deeply interested in Mr. Erle's affairs?"

Lord Kingswood waved his hand. "You referred to an event, he said, "confine yourself for the present to that."

"I merely, my lord, intended to preface what I had to say on that point," returned Pharisee, "by informing your lordship that the old knave of whom I have several times spoken to your lordship, is Mr. Vernon's secret agent, and has been engaged by him from the time a false charge was brought against the mother of Mr. Erle up to the present moment."

"His secret agent?" echoed Lord Kingswood, with a look of inquiry.

"Yes, my lord, when the lady to whom I have alluded to disappeared, I suppose from her friends, this old man Pengreep was employed by Mr. Vernon to track her," continued Pharisee.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, sharply. "With what success?"

"To give his own words," answered Pharisee, "he said that he had in his possession written notes of all the incidents of some trial which the lady had to undergo, her acquittal and subsequent death and burial, a description of the place where she was interred, together with all the necessary official papers relating to it."

"Death and interment, you are sure of that?" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, with eager excitement.

"Quite sure, my lord," returned Pharisee. "That was not all, he not only pointed to a chest in which the documents of which he spoke were, he said, deposited, but also stated that the same box contained the certificate of your marriage with the mother of Mr. Erle."

Lord Kingswood started and caught Pharisee by the arm.

"My good Pharisee," he said, in an earnest tone, "are you sure—quite sure—that he said the mother of Mr. Erle?"

"Yes—let me remember—a—well—a no—I am not sure on that point," answered Pharisee, dubiously, but added quickly, "I am sure that he said he was in possession of the certificate of the marriage and the official registers—"

"Extracted from the book?" exclaimed Lord Kingswood.

"From what I gathered, my lord, I should say subtracted—torn out," replied Pharisee.

"I have some reason to believe that your supposition is correct," observed Lord Kingswood; "but proceed, your information is in deed interesting and important to me."

"It will prove, my lord, yet more deeply interesting to you, I suspect," continued Pharisee, rubbing one hand slowly over the other. "The death of the lady is an important fact."

"A most important fact," repeated Lord Kingswood.

"So, my lord, is that of the death of the clergyman who performed the ceremony of marriage between you and the lady of whom we have been speaking."

A low groan burst from Lord Kingswood's lips. "The individual who performed the ceremony was not—was not, I have, I think, the strongest authority to believe, an ordained clergyman of the Church of England," said his lordship, in a hesitating tone.

"But an impostor?" suggested Pharisee.

"In that sense—yes," repied his lordship.

"My lord, have you an objection to name to me the authority?" asked Pharisee. "Your lordship can depend upon my secrecy."

"I quite believe I can, Pharisee, in this matter at least," returned Lord Kingswood. "The fact is, Sir Harris Stanhope in some degree assisted me in the—in the—intrigue, I should say—affair, and he subsequently assured me, and does at the present moment positively assert, that the person engaged was not a clergyman."

"Sir Harris Stanhope, my lord, has an interest in deceiving you," rejoined Pharisee, "The clergyman was his friend, but some years since a quarrel took place between them which was never healed. The reverend gentleman married a lady of fortune, changed his name and residence, and his death has been known only through his adopted name."

Lord Kingswood, in a state of nervous excitement, paced up and down the room for a few moments, his breast filled with tumultuous emotions; several times he essayed to speak, but found it impossible to do so. At length, after wiping the clammy moisture from his forehead, and drawing several deep breaths, he returned to Pharisee.

"I think, then, my faithful Pharisee," he said, still panting for breath, "that I am to understand that the—the unhappy lady who has given me much cause lately for uneasiness is—is dead, and has been so for many years?"

"Exactly so, my lord," returned Pharisee, with a bend of the head.

"And that the clergyman, being dead, no living witnesses of the ceremony can now be produced?" continued Lord Kingswood.

"Precisely so, my lord," returned Pharisee, with a cunning leer upon his sallow face. 'The case stands thus, whatever may really have happened in passed years to compromise your lordship's position cannot now be proved, save by documents, and we all know that such documents as certificates and attesting papers can be forged to serve a purpose. The real position in which you now stand, my lord, may be understood by your lordship from the following words which Mr. Vernon addressed to old Pengreep. 'Lord Kingswood must not know of this clergyman's death, or my revenge and his atonement will forever be crushed in this world.' I heard him say this distinctly, and your lordship will, no doubt, comprehend the words better than I can explain them."

"Indeed I do comprehend them," cried Lord Kingswood. "What an incubus is lifted from my brain, my breast! I breathe again, I am free, I can look men in the eyes and return scorn for scorn. Let the busy, babbling world now say what it will—I defy proof to any charges that may be brought against me. I live—nay, I am born again. Give me back that paper again, my good and faithful confidant. You shall now prove that my liberality is no vague figure of speech; henceforth you shall acknowledge that it admits of a princely interpretation."

Pharisee drew back a step; a change went over his features. He had no intention of parting with the paper.

"Pardon me, my lord," he said, hastily. "Although I am conscious of having spoken only truthfully to you, and I can make every allowance for your rapturs, yet I would counsel your lordship, even against my own interest, not to be impulsive. Test the truth of what I have stated, and when your lordship proves that you can snap your fingers at those who are seeking your downfall, then, my lord, cast a thought upon your faithful and devoted servant Pharisee."

"Be it so," replied Lord Kingswood, with an excited, joyful air. "I have no doubt of your loyalty and truth, my good Pharisee; and the more completely it is confirmed the more assured shall be your future position in life."

"Your lordship has never found your humble Pharisee more true or more devoted than in the present service which he has been so happy as to render your lordship," said Pharisee, with a low, cringing bow.

"I believe it," returned his lordship, readily. "There is one obligation more which you can add to the great ones you have already."

"Ah! my lord," interposed Pharisee.

"They are obligations of a very important and valuable kind," continued Lord Kingswood, "and I appreciate them as such. I refer to the documents and papers of which you have spoken."

"I have, my lord, already had them in my possession," returned Pharisee, a crawling, creeping sensation running over his frame. "I, in fact, my lord, purloined them, and believed that I had made good my escape with them; but I was overtaken, they were wrested from me, and hence the necessity for my flight."

"I will protect you," said Lord Kingswood, a sudden thought flashing through his brain. "But I need not appear to the matter. You say that your belief is those papers were for the most part obtained surreptitiously?"

"There can be no doubt of it, my lord," returned Pharisee.

"Well, in that case," rejoined Lord Kingswood, quickly, "this man Pengreep cannot pursue you for trying to obtain possession of what he has himself stolen."

Pharisee started, this was placing his position in a new form with regard to Pengreep. But Albertina? He groaned at the very thought of her. The memory of the locusse, the ring, the have and to hold for—better or for worse, almost made him sink into the earth.

"Where did you say this man lived?" inquired Lord Kingswood.

"Gray's Mount," returned Pharisee, scarce-

ly, for the moment, knowing what he was saying.

Lord Kingswood made an entry in his tablets. "I suppose the fellow can be reached with gold?" observed Lord Kingswood.

"No doubt, my lord," returned Pharisee, still musingly.

"What if we were to open negotiations with him?" suggested Lord Kingswood. "Now we know the commodity he has to part with, we shall be in a position to make an offer. Possessing certain information, they are of much less value than they would have been under other circumstances. We can afford, however, to be liberal, for I do not deny that I am very anxious to obtain every scrap of paper relative to this accursed affair, and destroy, obliterate all, so that not a vestige of it remains to trouble me more."

"I am afraid, my lord, that you would find him treacherous," suggested Pharisee.

"And he would find me wary," returned Lord Kingswood. "An idea has occurred to me which I think we can carry out. I will cause a search-warrant to be obtained, by which his premises can be entered and examined, and, having that in our hands, we appoint a meeting with him—propose terms; if he refuses, he shall be taken into custody on a charge of stealing a page from a parish register-book, and while he is in confinement we will search his house. You have said that you know the chest in which the documents we want are placed?"

"I do, my lord," returned Pharisee.

"We will then secure the papers, liberate him, and let him take his remedy. We shall have in our possession the proofs of his delinquency, and his bite will be harmless. I will attend to this at the earliest moment in the morning. You shall then contrive an interview with this man Pengrep—"

"But, my lord, he has already threatened to give me into the custody of the police if he catches me, and he is the man to keep his word; besides—"

Pharisee hesitated.

"Besides what?" interrupted Lord Kingswood, seeing that Pharisee had something to reveal which he had not communicated.

Before he could reply, a servant entered the room, bringing a letter upon a gold salver for Lord Kingswood. Having delivered it, he turned, and said—

"If you please, Mr. Parrisee, there is a person below—your grandmother, I believe—who says she must see you hinstantly. The 'all-porter had a great difficulty to prevent her forcing of her way up the staircase. He says she is either mad or 'stremely the worse for liquor, and he really must request that you will come down, Mr. Parrisee, and pacify your grandmother, which she won't be quiet till she sees you."

The man owed Pharisee a grudge, and this was the way he paid him.

Pharisee walked up to him, and between his grated teeth, he growled—"Don't know her—not my grandmother—send her away!"

"The 'all-porter told her to call agen at least forty times to-night," returned the man, "and so she did about every four minutes, which it has much disturbed his rest and wexed him. Now she says she'll be—"

"Hush! send for the police, you fool," growled Pharisee. "She's some mad woman, broken out of Bedlam; give her into custody, and lock her up."

A series of wild shrieks ascended the staircase at this moment, and there was a pattering of feet upon it, as if much struggling was taking place.

"That's her," said the footman, with a little nod of the head.

Lord Kingswood, deeply engaged in the contents of the note, did not appear to notice the unusual sounds, and Pharisee, with gleaming eyes, said to the footman, in a whisper—"Stamp on her, stab her, fling her out. If Lord Kingswood hears the noise he'll discharge you all."

He hurried him to the door as he concluded, pushed him out, and softly turned the key in the lock, as he heard sounds arising from the staircase which assured him the struggle was at its height, and that his bride was doing battle with at least eight or nine male servants.

As he returned to the table where Lord Kingswood stood, still perusing the letter, the latter, suddenly looking up, said—

"You are sure, Pharisee, that what you have received to me is strictly and positively true?"

"Unquestionably, my lord," returned Pharisee.

"Because I have here a letter from a law firm, which runs thus," rejoined his lordship.

A frown settled on his brow, and his face grew a shade paler than before.

"My Lord,—We are instructed by our client, Mr. Vernon, of Eaton Square, to apply to you for the sum of five thousand pounds, the cost of twenty year's maintenance, education, &c., of your son, Mr. Erle Kingswood, and to inform you that unless the same be paid to us, with our costs, before twelve o'clock to-morrow morning, process will be immediately issued against you. In the event of your lordship disputing this claim, your lordship will, perhaps, favor us with the name of the solicitors who act for your lordship. We have the honor to be, your lordship's obedient servants,

"Windup, Takeall & Finisher."

"I heard Mr. Vernon say something about going to the Attorney-General's, but I could hardly catch what it was," said Pharisee, rather hastily; "but I heard him say, also, that he was afraid the storm had passed over, and would leave you scatheless, and he said likewise, that Mr. Erle had left him, and had behaved ungratefully, so I think your lordship may toss that letter behind the fire and snap your fingers at them all."

"No," said Lord Kingswood, "I am only more confirmed in my determination to see the man Pengreep!"

Pharisee suddenly grew cold and faint, for he heard a hoarse turmoil still raging below.

"As your lordship pleases," he said, in a hurried, nervous tone, "I will endeavor to see him the first thing in the morning, and let your lordship know the result."

"Very well, Pharisee," returned his lordship, still with a perplexed, thoughtful look, for the letter he had just received much disturbed him.

He sat down to reperuse it, and before he had finished it, Pharisee disappeared.

He heard the wild noise growing louder below, and his heart died within him, for he recognized the voice of his Albertina used with vehement earnestness.

He slunk down the servants' staircase, glided through the passage at the basement, and so out by the servants' private entrance, reaching the pavement as Albertina was hurried out of the hall with fearful velocity.

She caught a glimpse of him as he fled swiftly away, uttered a scream of recognition, and rushed after him in hot pursuit, followed by two policemen, several of the servants, and a queue of idlers and small boys.

CHAPTER LX.

As soon as the aged eyes of Eldra perceived the rough, uncouth form of Tubal Kish standing in the doorway of the chamber containing Erle and herself, and she noticed that Tubal stared at him with an aspect of bewildered astonishment, she uttered an exclamation which was a compound of vexation and surprise. She, in a shrill, but haughty tone of command, bade him descend the staircase, and as he hesitated, she advanced hastily towards him with upraised stick, and then, with a grunt like the growl of an ill conditioned dog, he obeyed her and disappeared.

She turned to Erle, and said—"The blood of a doomed race circulates in my veins as in yours. It may be that the hour rapidly approaches for the redemption of the race from its doom and with it my release from life. I feel that some great and decisive event connected with our House is at hand. We are not of the common herd, and we have perceptions and powers with which the meaner creatures of our kind are not gifted. The mysterious veil which hangs over that department of nature wherein wander the shades of the restless departed is at times lifted, so that my eyes behold a gloomy band of those ancestors who have deadened the lustre and blackened the annals of the House of Kingswood, headed by him who bore the name of Erle in honor, and blasted it with shame. He, the son of the bravest, the noblest of a long line hitherto unstained by crime and unsullied in honor. That mystic veil is lifted now, and I see standing by your side the shadow of the first Erle, Baron Kingswood!"

For a minute she remained motionless and speechless, her eyes dilated and fixed on what appeared to be the vacant air immediately contiguous to him.

Presently she muttered—"His eyes have lost their ruthless glare, his brow wears not its wonted settled gloom, his eyes regard me with a softer expression, and the ghastly blood upon his hands seems fading—he points to you—and—oh, my God!"

With a scream and a gasp she sank upon the ground, and Erle at once moved forward to raise and support her, although her wild aspect and yet more singular words had caused a strange thrill to run through his frame so as almost for an instant to render him powerless.

She waved him off and rose up. "It was but a spasm," she said, with difficulty.

"But your vision, dame?" he ejaculated, in an air of eager inquiry.

"Question me not concerning it," she replied, in a sorrowful tone. "It was a portent; the realization will reach you soon enough."

"Nay, it concerneth me, good dame," he urged. "You intimate that; therefore let me know it. It may be the mere wanderings of an enfeebled brain that moved you so deeply; but it may have been one of those supernatural communications which set at defiance our ordinary faculties of reasoning, and as such, of the greatest moment to me. I have had sights, visions, dreams—call them what you will—they are so misty and improbable that the unthinking world would laugh me to scorn for attaching more weight to them than incoherent dreams deserve! Yet I know and feel that they are not dreams—that they impose upon me a certain course of action for the achievement of a definite object. I obey the impulses and the influences these strange, incomprehensible phantasms have created! I own they have been hitherto in a degree unconnected, vague, and to me, as yet, inexplicable. Your visitation may afford some link by which I may join these discordant parts together, and be enabled, by the reconcilement, to comprehend much that at present is to me unintelligible; therefore I pray you to reveal it to me."

Again the old woman shook her head sadly.

"Evil flies with falcon's wings," she muttered rather than said. "I fear me that you, too, are doomed, and it is not for me to hasten the agonies which will sooner or later be yours by prognostications, whose fulfillment even if you have faith in them, you can neither elude nor avert. You are pale, the lines of fatigue and exhaustion circle about your eyes and lips. In yon room you will find a bed. You may rest upon it in safety; innocence alone has rested there as yet. I can tell, by your clear, steadfast eye and firm lip, that as yet crime has not set its brand upon you. When you arise from your slumber, I may add, perhaps to what I have already communicated, as you may have the power, even unknown to yourself, to confirm me in the suspicion I have formed with respect to your origin. If all be true, as I now conceive it to be, oh! but you shall press onward in your true path, backed with all the aid and the terrible knowledge with which I can furnish you! Not a word more! Go—you need rest! go—go."

She waved her hand towards an apartment, into which, in full faith that he was safe, Erle entered. He saw at a glance that it had been Violet's, that it was tastefully even elegantly furnished; but he was too overcome by fatigue to note many things, mere trifles in themselves, but strongly illustrative of the pure mind, the delicate, even refined taste, and the guileless nature of the forest flower which had blossomed there, and drooped and faded elsewhere.

He flung himself upon the bed, muttered a hasty prayer, and in a few minutes he was asleep—dreaming that he was seated with Lady Maud in the old library. They were alone, as they had been—were reading the old chronicles together, and, as he thought, the word "Love" played in characters of lambent flame over the broad page, and though he knew what they intended to represent, yet they would not take the shape of the word, or even the form of the letters, but perplied, and teazed, and vexed him.

In the meanwhile old Eldra descended the stone staircase, and perceived at the opened door leading into the Chace Tubal Kish, prostrate, leaning upon his elbows, and watching ardently for Erle as a tiger would for its prey.

He was armed with a fowling-piece, and when he saw that Eldra was alone, he rose to his feet and approached her.

"Where be he?" he exclaimed, in an undertone. "Vanished! gone! like he do in the brake and in the covert, in the alleys and the thickets?"

"Fool!" ejaculated old Eldra.

"Nay, I be a cooning vool if I be vool," he retorted. "Dost th' not mind, dame, what the chant says? I've heard thee drone it—

"' When the spectre of the race
Shall his own features trace?'"

"Silence, idiot!" cried the old woman, angrily. "The guest above is no spirit, but one who has asked for shelter, rest and refreshment. Look you, disturb him not!"

"No spectre!" exclaimed Tubal, his brow lowering. "Not t' bad baron I seen oop in Chace o'nights?"

"I tell you no, fool!" responded the old woman, sharply. "Hie away with you! he needs quiet and rest. Your rough clatter will only disturb him. Hie away, and beware of a black hawk!"

"So you've told me often, dame," he replied, with a guttural laugh. "I ha' no seen a black hawk, an' I believe eye of man never saw 'un either."

"You have seen the *Spectre of the Chace*, owlet, have you not?" asked the old woman, fixing her glittering eye upon him, and speaking in a tone which made him gasp with fear.

"Ye—es," he chattered between his teeth.

"Is that a sight for the eye of man?" she asked, sharply. "Yet have you seen the ghostly thing. Beware of a black hawk, I bid ye! it will be your death! Go."

"Just a word, dame. Ye tell I yon oop in tower be not spectre!" he exclaimed, in a low voice.

"I have told thee so, fool!" she cried.

"Eh! but dost thee know who he be, then?" he inquired.

She gazed at him fixedly for a moment, and then said—"Dost thou, Tubal?"

"An' he be not spectre, he be t' young squire, who was at t' Hall when the last dead leaves were falling from the branches," he returned, and lowering his voice almost to a whisper, continued—"It be he, dame, who poured a barrel o' shot at my breast because I tried to get pretty Vi'let, our flower of the Chace, out of clutches o' young Squire Cyril."

The old dame started back a step. "Did he—he rescue Violet from you, and place her in the hands of Cyril Kingswood?"

"Aye, that did he, dame," replied Tubal. "When I 'ood a lifted her up, and carried her to tower, he oop with gun, and covered me wi' it."

"Knowing that he was consigning to the clutches of a designing villain one so fair, so young, so innocent?"

"Nay, he never stopped to ask or right or wrong, but he fired at me," cried Tubal, excitedly. "I have marks now. I count 'em at times loike, because it is a debt, dame, an' them be debts I always pay."

The old woman's brows contracted. "I see," she muttered, "the rash impulse o' youth to side with the weaker party. It was not wise, but it was bold and brave," she said, as if communing with herself.

"Ay! an' if he be not Kingswood of Kingswood, it be he who broke my head wi' gun-stock in glade, when I'd Cyril Kingswood weasand beneath my wood-knife. Dost see, dame, I know 'un, an' I'll make 'un know I afore I done wi' 'un."

"Peace," muttered the dame, sharply. "It is not by your vile hand a Kingswood shall fall. Mark me! he who rests above, within the tower, is under my protection. See you harm him not—see you attempt not to harm him! If you dare, Tubal, I will hunt you as a ferret will a mole. He sleeps in peace. Hie thee away, and dare not to enter within the tower until I give thee permission. Heed me, and tremble. Go!"

She raised her stick, and Tubal slunk gloomily away. She watched him for a short time, to note whether he lurked about, or endeavored to conceal himself within a thicket; but apparently satisfied, she turned, entered the tower and made fast the door upon the inner side.

Tubal did not intend to lurk about; he had an engagement to keep, and he hurried to the place of appointment.

It was a small glade, enclosed with trees, and was untenanted by human being. He flung himself beneath a mass of entangled brushwood, and lay concealed from sight.

He had not been there hidden long ere his quick ear caught the sound of a footstep advancing along the glade, even though the soft grass made the foot fall lightly.

He turned his eyes in the direction and beheld the form of Philip Avon approaching. As soon as the latter reached a spot within a few feet of him, he rose up silently from his lair and confronted him.

Philip started to find him so close to him; but without alluding to it, said, in a stern, arrogant tone—

"Well, fellow, what more of the ghost about whom you babbled to me this morning? Is it made of flesh and blood, or of moonbeams and mist? Have you come to your senses yet, dolt—or are you still on this point as mad as a March hair?"

"I ha' seen un again," said Tubal Kish, in reply, a malicious grin spreading itself over his rough, ungainly features.

"What, the ghost?" asked Philip Avon, with a contemptuous laugh.

"He beant no ghost," muttered Tubal between his teeth.

"Ha! is it so?" cried Philip, quickly.

"Nos," responded Tubal. "A' do wish I had a' known it last night; a' would ha' made 'un a ghost before this morn, I wood, that I 'ood."

"So, so!" rejoined Philip, eyeing him like a hawk. "What, I was in the right when I told you that you were no better than a scared idiot, eh? Now, tell me who this masquerader is. You say that you have seen him," he added, with a sternness of tone, which was intended to intimate to Tubal that he had no intention to be trifled with.

"Why, he be t' young squire who stayed at t' Hall afore Christmas tyde."

"I was sure of it," muttered Philip between his teeth, and his visage became deadly pale. "Where is he now?" he cried, hoarsely, clutching, at the same time, Tubal's arm. "He shall not get away from us this time! a sudden blow, and three foot deep beneath the turf, will put an end to his ghostly antics forever."

"He hides now where neither you nor I dare touch 'un, Master Philip," replied Tubal, gloomily.

"Where is that?" asked Philip, with a laugh of scornful incredulity.

"Nay, it is where I canna' tell'ee," replied Tubal, "But I know where to watch for 'un."

"Bah!" replied Philip, with a gesture of rage, "I will not wait. Lead me to the spot where I can face him. I am sick for another struggle with him."

"I tell'ee no; I munna do't," returned Tubal, doggedly. "Thee must wait. I say't, thee canst not find'un without I; if thee thinks thee can, do't by thysen; but I tell'ee he sleeps now where one watches over and protects him, but a' will rise oop and wander in Chace agen, a' will make for t' ould part of Hall, and then thee canst work thy will, but I'll da' one deep plunge o' my 'ood-knife to settle oop my old scores wi' 'un."

The latter observations respecting Erle seemed to strike Philip Avon with some force.

"That he visits the Hall surreptitiously is clear," he soliloquised, "and so long as he does it in mystery, and with the profession of high-flown motives, that weak fool Lady Maud will suffer her mind to be led captive by him; but she is of gentle birth—a gentlewoman—and if he be but humiliated, degraded, by being placed in the hands of the police, thrust into a felon's cell as a burglar, the charm will be broken: her mind, dazzled by the picture of a young lord oppressed and moving in silence and mystery, will be rudely awakened to her unpleasant position when that frippery nobility takes the shape of a thief in the hands of a police officer. If that will not cure her frenzy, I will try a yet ruder method."

Turning to Tubal, he said, abruptly,

"Can the fellow escape without being detected by you?"

"Noa," returned Tubal, "an' I be sure he won't neither.

"At what hour do you think he'll move abroad again?" inquired Philip, eyeing him steadfastly.

"Not till the moon makes the mist rise in the glades," replied Tubal Kish; "and then you'll see him flit across the glades like the shadow of the Kingswood of Kingswood."

"At what hour does the moon rise to-night?" inquired Philip, musingly.

"An hour before midnight," replied Tubal. "But he'll be abroad before that hour."

"For what purpose?" inquired Philip.

"I canno' say, but a' walks an' wanders to and fro until the hour o' midnight has chimed; then he wanders in t' ould Hall," replied Tubal Kish.

"By what entrance does he enter the Hall?" he asked, with an air of eager curiosity.

"I canna' say," replied the ruffian, with a perplexed look. "When I hunted for my pistol and my knife, an' I hunted in vain, I fancied I saw a man stealing oop to entrance t' ould Hall. At first I thought 'twere gamekeeper on watch for I, but next instant 'twere gone—'twere like magic. I looked again and again, but I saw 'un no more. Only while I watched I saw light come into ould library, and it never went out till couldn't see't for dawn breaking."

Philip Avon walked up and down the glade, deep in thought, for a few minutes. At length he exclaimed,

"I will adopt this plan. All things considered, it will be better than throttling him. Lord Kingswood will be with me. From what he said he will only be too glad to get rid of him, and there is not a man in the commission of the peace down here who will not commit him if they understand it to be Lord Kingswood's wish that he should be sent abroad to herd with felons. Dainty Lady Maud will hardly preserve with pleasure the memory of a lover who is working out a term of servitude with scoundrels of the worst die, in chains, in a penal settlement. I will do it. Tubal Kish, where shall I meet you to-night, to track the house-robbing ghost—?"

"Aye, an' for that matter, man-robbing too," replied Tubal Kish. "A' stole my pistol and wood-knife."

"Excellent," cried Philip, slapping his thigh, "a petty larceny theft too. You shall charge him with it, Tubal, before a magistrate."

"Who—I?" cried Tubal, with an air of affright. "Noa! noa! Not I, Master Philip."

"Why not?" asked Philip, angrily.

"Why, Master Philip, t'magistrate he do want to see I sorely," replied Tubal, with a downcast look.

"What for—poaching?" suggested Philip.

"Eh! that be it, Master Philip," replied Tubal, somewhat hesitatingly, "an' if he do catch me inside justice-room, a will send I to gaol too."

"Leave that to me," returned Philip, quickly. "My father, Sir Walter Avon, is in the commission of the peace, and you shall prefer your charge before him. I will protect you. I will bring up with me to-night Hamrogue and Picker, two of our best constables, and we will pounce upon our quarry when he has got well inside the Hall."

"I canna' meet the constables, Master Philip. You maun track the game by yoursen' vor I," said Tubal, doggedly. "They do owe I grudge; I cracked both of their crowns, and they have sworn to lay I by t'heels. I canna' meet 'em, Master Philip. I will do all you wish without 'un, but I canna' meet 'em."

"Fool, I will pay for their broken pates; and I give you my word they shall not touch you, that is enough for you. Therefore, meet me at this spot at ten to-night, and look that you are here, or I will myself set Hamrogue and Picker on you. I know where to find you, and if you fail me to-night, our next interview shall be in the lock-up."

As he concluded he stalked away down the glade, leaving Tubal Kish muttering something very like an anathema against himself if he run the risk that night of meeting the constables.

Yet at the hour of ten he was at the appointed spot, for after all he feared Philip Avon, and there he was joined by the latter and two men, who smiled at Tubal Kish when they faced him with a very grim expression.

Without a word, Tubal Kish led them in a certain direction, and placed them beneath a covert, and bade them watch an opening which existed in the centre of a mass of forest-trees. An hour elapsed, and there was no sign of the approach of their intended victim. Philip began to grow impatient, when suddenly Tubal caught him by the arm and whispered in his ear,

"Lie close—be still! I hear his footfall on the grass."

Philip listened, but could not catch the sound, but presently he caught sight of a figure muffled in a cloak, which glided swiftly across the glade, and entered a long alley or aisle formed by the tall stems of many trees. They all rose, and with stealthy steps, followed the fleeing figure. They entered the grove of trees, and beheld the shadow gliding lightly and quickly down it, and then pass out into the open space beyond.

They hurried after him, and entered the open space cautiously, but the figure was not anywhere to be seen—it had vanished.

The space before them was of such extent that it was impossible for the fugitive to have passed over it without being seen by them, and there was nothing but a mass of brushwood and a gully in the place to serve for cover. This brushwood was carefully examined but in vain, and then Tubal Kish, in a tone of awe, exclaimed,

"Let us back again. We have been hunting the Kingswood of Kingswood."

"Fool! idiot!" cried Philip, passionately, "I know the fellow, his gait, his step. It is he, I swear. Let us to the Hall, and watch there; we shall have him yet."

As he concluded these words he led the way himself to Kingswood Hall, closely followed by the two officers and Tubal Kish.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the articles is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.—*Our city subscribers would oblige us by either calling at the office and settling their accounts, or else sending the money by the post. The per centage that we have to pay collectors for collecting such small accounts, is a heavy tax upon us, and one which we hope our city subscribers will, as far as possible, save us.*

THE COST OF WAR.

It is estimated by military authorities that the yearly cost of putting and supporting a thousand soldiers in the field, is about one million of dollars, or a thousand dollars a man. This includes, of course, the whole expense, pay, arms, clothing, rations, &c. The annual expense of the regular U. S. Army of 13,000 men is about $15,000,000.

To put 100,000 men in the field, therefore, and keep them there during one year, will cost one hundred millions of dollars. Double the number, and you double the expense; treble the one, and you treble the other.

There are therefore two great points always to be considered in war—how many troops can you get; and how many can you pay, arm, and maintain.

Thus money becomes "the sinews of war." As the old European proverb says—with a fling at our brother Republicans in the Cantons—"no money, no Swiss." But the maxim is tolerably true of all countries and all peoples, No money, no soldiers.

One soldier in fifty inhabitants is said to be the largest number that can easily be maintained, even by such a nation as Great Britain. One soldier in forty was the average in the great war with Napoleon, when England had 300,000 men in arms. France had only one in 86.

The Free States, exclusive of Oregon and California—which will hardly be called upon for their quota—have over 19,000,000 of white inhabitants. We suppose, therefore, they could maintain in the field about 380,000 men, at a yearly cost of $380,000,000. Great Britain raised, by loan and taxation, during one year, in her war with Napoleon, one thousand millions of dollars! Probably the North, at a pinch, could do as much.

We see now the reason that Russia gave over for the time her attempt upon Turkey, after the experience of the Crimea—she could not stand the tremendous expense of such vast numbers of troops. People talk lightly of putting 300,000 men in the field—but when they begin to think that the cost of such a number will be about $300,000,000 a year, they will see that it is a great drain upon the resources of any country, and that a wise ruler may often hesitate a little until he perceives where the money, arms, &c., are to come from. The "tug of war" is often the tug upon the pocket.

And these calculations show the value of efficiency in an army. An army of 15,000 men, well drilled, well equipped, well commanded—and who have seen service at each other's side—is worth an army of 30,000 or even 25,000, composed of raw, undisciplined troops. Yet poor soldiers cost about as much as good ones.

KILLED AND QUARTERED.—A volunteer in the Fifth Pennsylvania Regiment writes from Maryland:—

On Saturday morning the Regiment was in despair. Many of the soldiers had forgotten to supply themselves with two days' rations, and food was not to be had. In the midst of their trouble the camp became redolent with the odor of fresh pork, and following the scent, the hungry heroes found themselves before the camp-fire of the Union Light Infantry, on which was cooking a "porker" weighing over one hundred pounds. The cry of "booty" was raised, and in a moment every company in the Regiment had its quota. Upon inquiry, we ascertained the origin of the feast. A private from Captain Cooley's company had been on guard the night previous, and acting upon the instructions of the captain of the guard, to allow nothing to pass without receiving the countersign, had, in the fulfillment of his duty, killed the "porker," after he had given it notice several times not to cross the line. The excuse was deemed sufficient; the hog was devoured, and it remains for me to write its biography.

NEGLECT OF DUTY.—The Navy Department has published the finding of the Court of Inquiry, in the case of Captain Wm. Armstrong, who surrendered the Pensacola Navy Yard to the Secessionists, without having exercised due diligence for its preservation. The Court find him guilty of "Neglect of Duty" and of "disobedience of orders, and conduct unbecoming an officer," and sentenced him to suspension from duty for five years, with the loss of pay for the first half of said term, and to be reprimanded by the Secretary of the Navy in General orders. This sentence is approved by the Secretary.

THE NEW ORLEANS MINT.—In regard to the reported debasement of coin at the New Orleans Mint, the New Orleans Crescent declares that "not one single new coin, of any kind or denomination whatever, has been issued from the mint at New Orleans since its seizure by the order of the Louisiana Convention, and we presume none will be issued until after the devices for a new set of coins, to compose the currency of the Confederate States, are ordered by the Montgomery Congress."

FORT PICKENS.—This fort was reinforced on the 7th of April—a week more was occupied with landing stores. The United States troops were throwing up intrenchments on the island. There are said to be 1,000 men in the fort, and as many more outside, including two companies of flying artillery. The Atlantic has returned to New York. A forward movement from Fort Pickens on Pensacola is not improbable.

NO MORE REMOVALS IN POST OFFICES.—The Post Office Department, after carrying into effect its past orders as to offices, will chiefly confine its action to supplying the vacancies by death and resignation, and to removals for cause. This is deemed a proper tribute to the patriotism and loyalty of the people of the loyal States, in view of the new and controlling issues of Government.

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

The Spring Exhibition is now open, offering to the lovers of art a choice place for hours of quiet enjoyment. There are many new paintings, for the sake of which we could have wished our visit indefinitely protonged; but to a mind preoccupied by the distracted state of the country, some old pictures gained attention first. The Deliverance of Leyden we have looked at dozens of times in the peaceful years gone by; a new and awful interest shines out from it now that the horrors it portrays are about to be enacted in our midst. We have had peace, with its manifold blessings and with its comparative stagnation of life, now we are to see what extremities of pain and also what Christ-like nobilities of spirit can be scourged out from suffering humanity by the red right hand of War. The famine-wasted fates of men, women, and children, in all degrees of prostration, touch us as something that may be realized; pray God that we may also realize in abundant measure the triumphant light that shines out from the central figures of the piece, from whose mien and countenance radiates the solemn joy of souls that have conquered death!

Among the unambitious, but very pleasing pictures, are three or four of a like kind by different artists, all evincing a close and loving study of nature—one by G. C. Lambdin—Beech Drops and Toad Stools, a little piece of our lovely Wissahickon woods put upon canvas; three by Rosa Towne representing, with graceful life and truth, some of our prettiest wild flowers such as we have often, in days agone, pounced upon with childish rapture and borne away from their sweet wood haunts with childish recklessness. And among the autumn flowers, as brilliant as they, was our favorite American Ivy, whose five fingered leaves of vivid scarlet, trailing picturesquely over the gray rocks, or flaunting banner-like from the highest tree tops, gleam out with distinct splendor from our memories of autumn rides. "Golden Rod," a small piece by W. T. Richards, has a rich undergrowth of cool ferns, and mosses, and nameless graceful leaves mingling in lush luxuriance, like a vision from the poet brain of Keats.

G. C. Lambdin is often very happy in fixing with his pencil those subtle and fleeting graces of expression that make the charm of children. "Reflections" cannot fail to take the eye of every child-lover, who must have seen just such a look on some little face.

"The Forest of Fontainbleau," by Paul Weber, has a grand old tree trunk, with gnarled and twisted branches, that delight you by the marvellous exactness with which the artist has copied from nature the mossed and lichened bark.

Hamilton, whose paintings particularly please us, has a number of fine things in this exhibition. When you come to one of these,—"On such a night as this"—you should quietly seat yourself and enjoy the magic of moonlight on the domes and shadowy waters of the city of the sea. Jessica's white dress, as she is handed hurriedly into the boat, gleams out betrayingly through the darkness; and thinking of the old, old story, you look up suddenly at the moon rising above the palace roofs, and find, with a start back into common day, that you had been expecting it to sail out from that kindly curtain of clouds into the clear sky overhead, revealing the lady and her lover to every eye.

Another place to take a quiet seat and lose yourself in the ideal, is where Hero and Leander

> "Love in stone, and fill
> The air around with beauty"

At every visit we are glad afresh that this exquisite work of art belongs to the Academy. More than anything we have seen in sculpture, it shows how much life may be put into marble.

We cannot omit mentioning a "Miniature Portrait of the late John L. Schoolcraft," by Miss Louise Wagner. It is a marvel of success in that line of painting.

But we must draw this hurried notice to a close, conscious that we have not attempted even to do justice to the many excellent pictures in this year's exhibition, and thinking perhaps we may find time to say something more in the future.

THE SUN FLOWER.

Miss Narcissa Silex, of Annapolis, Ind., informs us that we are wrong about the sun flower, and that it does turn with the sun, as the poet alleges. Narcissa says:—

I live in the country and I plant sunflowers every year, and from the time that they grow to be a few inches high, until they put out in bloom, they turn with the sun. We cannot see them turn because it takes the whole day. Always in the morning their heads are turned to the east, and at noon the stalk is straight or slightly turned south, and in the evening they are turned towards sundown, and in the night they bend back straight to be ready to greet the morning sun. They keep on in that manner until they put out in bloom and for some time after, until their heads get too heavy to turn, and then they remain towards the east all the time; or my sun-flowers do. I have two kinds, the one-headed, and the kind that has several smaller heads around the middle one. *They* do not turn with the sun like the middle stalk, they are later in blossoming.

May the "Post" continue to flourish forever, and may every blessing and happiness that is to be found on this wretched earth, fall to the share of its editor. So prays his true friend and subscriber.

We do not doubt that our good friend Narcissa is correct, and that we are wrong. She has observed the matter more closely. We came to the opinion that they did not turn, from watching some sun flowers of ours while in flower. Perhaps their not turning was owing to their heads being too heavy, or to their being the wrong kind. Narcissa has our thanks for her correction, and for her kindly wishes for our prosperity.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.—We do not know positively whether "The Poets's Journal," by Bayard Taylor, is published yet or not—but judge not, as we have not seen it.

THE NEW REQUISITION.—A Proclamation from the President, dated the 3rd of May, calls into service 43,034 volunteers, to serve for 3 years, unless sooner discharged, (infantry and cavalry.)

The regular army is to be increased by ten regiments (as we understand it), making the aggregate of the regular army 22,700 men.

And 18,000 seamen, in *addition* to the present force, are to be enlisted for not less than one, or more than three years. Making an aggregate, as we infer, of:—

Previous Volunteer Requisition,	75,000
New " "	43,000
Increase of Regular Army,	8,000
Increase of Seamen,	18,000
	144,000

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

KORMAK. An Icelandic Romance of the Tenth Century. In Six Cantos. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston.

The last few years have seen various new fields opened by literary explorers, bringing to light antique riches from the stores of romantic legends and sagas of Scandinavia, Ancient Germany, and the North-Western tribes of our own aborigines. We hoped, at first view, to find in this "Icelandic Romance" an acceptable contribution to the store already amassed. The preface opens well, and promises goodly things of "wild and strange romance" from "sagas wonderfully preserved." The specimen emblazoned for us in this poem of six cantos, is not, however, sufficiently novel and exciting to startle the reading public from its propriety. Its sobering effect is owing not more to the plot, than to the extraordinary attempt at blank verse in which it is written, and the still more extraordinary rhymes in the shape of ancient ballads with which it is interlarded.

The Hero Kormak is the son of a respectable old Viking, whose amiable habits, something analogous to those of more modern times, are thus described:

> Ogmund would sometimes take a cruise at sea,
> And meeting other roving, warlike ships,
> Would still indulge an old propensity,
> And sailing out with one ship, would return
> Sometimes with two. And thus his name became
> Well known and famous.

Kormak appears to be rather a favorite with the Icelandic belles, but though they are ready to pull caps for him, nothing will serve him but to fall in love with the only daughter of his father's hereditary enemy, according to the immemorial usage of the heroes of romance. Of course it follows, in the same time-worn track, that he is thrown into a dungeon, where he is visited by his ladylove, and freed from his chains in the most properly conventional manner. Of course, also, there is a rival, who we are told—in lines whose brilliant audacity quite outrivals the tameness of the plot—

> "Knew that Kormak had met Steingudo
> At Gnupsdale, and much he feared more than once
> Had been her visitor."

The possession of Steingudr is determined by trial of battle between the rivals, and Kormak being the winner, the marriage feast is about being celebrated, all snug and comfortable, when an old lady who calls herself a sorceress, appears on the scene, and ends the whole matter by poisoning every mother's son and daughter in the party, herself among the number—which really strikes us as the most satisfactory thing that could possibly have happened.

It would seem that this sort of a story might have been constructed without employing any great amount of erudition in ransacking the "wild and strange romance" of Icelandic sagas; particularly as it is as devoid of local coloring as of poetic grace, and so glaringly modern in style that in describing the spring-time of the arctic zone, it speaks of

> "The migratory flocks that learn
> By Nature's *telegrams* when the young Spring
> Leaps to his seat, the ruler of the world."

There may possibly be treasures of romance-gold to be brought to light in those wild northern regions, but we must wait longer for the Pizarro of this new Peru, whom we despair of ever finding in the chronicler of Kormak the son of Ogmund.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND from the ACCESSION OF JAMES II. By LORD MACAULAY. Vol. V. Edited by his Sister, Lady Trevelyan. With a Complete Index to the Entire Work. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by G. G. Evans, Phila.

CURRENTS AND COUNTER-CURRENTS IN MEDICAL SCIENCE. With Other Addresses and Essays. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THESSALONICA; or, The Model Church. A Sketch of Primitive Christianity. By H. L. HASTINGS. Published by Rudd & Carleton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE ALCHEMIST; OR, THE HOUSE OF CLAES. From the French of Honore de Balzac. Published by Rudd & Carleton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

LIFE OF MAJOR ANDRE. By WINTHROP SARGENT. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart. By JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART. A New Edition. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

AFTER ICEBERGS WITH A PAINTER. A Summer Voyage to Labrador and Around Newfoundland. By Rev. LEWIS L. NOBLE, author of "The Life of Cole," &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

SILAS MARNER, The Weaver of Raveloe. By the author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," &c. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE SEMI-ATTACHED COUPLE. By the author of "The Semi-Detached House." Published by T. O. H. P. Burnham, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

MONTE CHRISTO IN TROUBLE—A LOST EVENING—THE ROMANCE OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

PARIS, *April* 19, 1861.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The renowned author of *Monte Christo*, who has at length been given to understand by the Neapolitans that they can manage to exist without his patronage, has just been figuring in one of the civil courts of this city; by no means his "first appearance" in such localities. Dumas, though really a man of marvellous fertility of fancy, facility of style, and literary industry, is nevertheless very far from being the sole author of the immense quantity of novels, plays, and newspaper articles which bear his name. He has an incredibly great number of aids and partners in his various scribblings, and is constantly getting himself into hot water with these subordinates, to whom he frequently refuses to pay the share of emoluments or amount of wages previously agreed upon between them and their somewhat unscrupulous chief. The present suit was brought by a M. Delavier, publisher of the little three *sou* paper which bears on its title-page, in enormous black letters, this heading: "Monte Christo; A Weekly Journal, Written, Edited, and Published by Alexander Dumas ALONE." It is made up mainly of tales, travels, and anecdotes; the veteran writer, his son—whose name is also Alexander Dumas, and whose co-operation, consequently, does not belie the letter of the statement—contributing a good deal to its pages, but fully half of its contents being translations, *supposed* to be by them, but really furnished by others. M. Delavier, who laid his claim at 22,600 francs, showed that he had been engaged with Dumas in the publication of this little journal, and that the result of the engagement was that, in 1848, Dumas was his debtor for 10,295 francs; that he subsequently made advances to Dumas for his expedition to Russia and Circassia, and also for the brig in which he contemplated visiting the Greek Archipelago; the said advances, joined to the amount due on the journal, making the sum claimed. He further stated that Dumas, before leaving for Italy, where he has been making himself very active in opposition to the Government, on the pretext of zeal for Garibaldi and Italy, had entered into an arrangement to pay him the sum claimed within a year, but that he had not done so. In his defence, Dumas affirmed that, in the *Monte Christo* affair, Delavier had not acted fairly by him; and he therefore prayed the Court to declare their partnership therein to be dissolved, and to make Delavier pay him damages as an indemnity for the present action, which he maintained to be unjustifiable. But the Tribunal rejected this demand, and sentenced Dumas to pay the plaintiff 22,600 francs; and also to pay 500 francs damages and the costs.

The mesmeric genius, whom I recently noticed, Mr. Squier, has betaken himself to Algiers. Wishing to see for myself the wonderful table that he astounded the world by showing on his head, or thrown over him on to the sofa behind him, I accompanied some friends to a "last *seance*," promised by the "medium" to his admiring friends. The night was rainy; the way was long. When we reached the rooms occupied by the worker of the special wonder in question, we found a numerous company assembled, curious, like ourselves, to witness the prodigy, but all destined to the same disappointment. Mr. Squier had suddenly taken it into his head to go to Algiers, and had started for that destination at four o'clock that afternoon, utterly regardless of the prospective disappointment which he was thus preparing for a confiding public. The ex-charwoman, Madame Louge, whom the editor of the *Revue Spirite* declares to be so extraordinary a *clairvoyante*, had gone out for the evening; so there was nothing for us to see but the table, and the aforesaid editor. The table is a heavy, solid, piece of kitchen-furniture, of oak; not so heavy as it is said to be by the parties to the—exhibition; but still, sufficiently ponderous to make the feat performed (in the dark,) by Mr. Squier, something of a puzzler. Your well-known townsmen, Dr. E——, an utter skeptic in all that relates to the doings of "spirits," and their mediumistic friends, lifted the table, three times, on to his head, or rather up in the air above it; but the effort required was not slight, and he confesses to having felt rather stiff in the back and shoulders for a day or two afterwards. But considering that Mr. Squier, like the young "snob" who had acquired the wonderfully perfect cravat-tie, has been for years "giving his whole mind to it," and practising the feat in question every day, to the exclusion of all other gymnastic attempts, our surprise at his success may be somewhat diminished; although, if it be true, that he allows himself to be tied in such a manner to his chair as that he can only touch the table with the finger-tips of one hand, and that at arms' length, the feat is still sufficiently surprising to be worth seeing. On his return to Paris, I shall therefore make another attempt to witness the performance, for the benefit of such of your readers as may feel any curiosity on the subject. The editor of the "spiritual" review just cited, with whom Mr. Squier had been staying, told us, in order to console us for our last pilgrimage, several "facts" connected with the doings of the "spirits," which would undoubtedly be interesting, if susceptible of proof,—among others, how a well-known photographer on the Boulevard des Italiens, was sent for by a widower, the master of a chateau a few miles from this city, in order to take a likeness of the front of the chateau, with its master on the terrace, and his children grouped on the flight of steps below; and how, when the photograph was taken, the artist was astounded at finding in his picture a female figure standing beside the widower, the latter being still more astounded, on examining this extra figure, to recognize in it the perfect portrait of his deceased wife! The editor also stated that he was constantly favored with indications of the presence of unseen beings about him; giving various instances of their friendly interference in his life. This interference most of the company seemed to think they would very decidedly prefer to dispense with; but the editor appeared to regard it as "very consolatory."

I am inclined to think, from what I have recently heard on the subject from a person in a position to be correctly informed with regard to it, that the accounts we have had of the favor with which Mr. Home was said to have been received by the Emperor, have been immensely exaggerated. As far as I can learn, it would seem that Mr. Home was only received three times at the Tuileries. The Emperor, who likes to judge for himself of all that is going on, and to witness with his own eyes anything that his lively lieges become excited about, sent for Mr. Home, and saw various curious things, such as that personage has exhibited in London and elsewhere. But, after Mr. Home's departure from the Tuileries on his third reception, a most suspicious-looking mechanical shoe, filled with springs and wires, was found in the room in which he had operated his wonders; and as no one in the palace possessed such an article of toilette, or could account for its presence there except as an adjunct to the personality of the magician, the inference that it must have served in the production of his wonders, and have been inadvertently left behind by him, seemed inevitable; and Mr. Home, says my informant, was never again admitted to the Imperial presence.

QUANTUM.

NEWS ITEMS.

ALL that romantic account about Lieut. Smead's wife is said to be untrue—and that she is a violent secessionist. It appeared first, we believe, in the New York Times.

In the Concord company, which is with the Fifth Massachusetts regiment, are four Buttricks, sons of one man, and he the descendant of the Colonel Buttrick who gave the word of command at Concord bridge, on the 19th of April, 1775: "Fire! fellow-soldiers! for God's sake, fire!"

BLOCKADE.—The suggestion that, before enforcing the blockade, the Government is required to give sixty or ninety days' notice to certain countries with which we have treaties to that effect, is simply absurd. That stipulation relates solely to a blockade by our Government of *foreign* ports.

THE Rev. Mr. Van Dyke, of Brooklyn, who recently preached at Charleston, South Carolina, with such great acceptance, recently said: "I have no hesitation in saying that it is our duty to stand by our flag, to sustain our rulers in all lawful efforts to maintain the supremacy of law, and to pray the God of our fathers, by His blessing on those efforts to give us a speedy and honorable peace."

WEBSEE it stated that it is a common opinion in the far South, that President Lincoln has been *drunk* continually since his inauguration. As Mr. Lincoln is almost a tee-total-er, (and does not even use tobacco), it is difficult to imagine how such a slander could have originated.

THE FLAG OF MASSACHUSETTS.—The Boston Journal says:—The white flag, reported to have been borne by the Massachusetts Regiment when it fought its way through Baltimore, was the regular Massachusetts standard. It is a flag of white silk, with the arms of the Union on one side, and those of Massachusetts on the reverse.

FIFTEEN hundred negroes, it is said, have enrolled themselves as soldiers in the Confederate army in New Orleans.

THE Governor of Indiana has refused to join the Governor of Kentucky in a league for mutual peace. He calls upon Kentucky to stand by the Federal Government against rebellion. Such leagues between the States are contrary to the express language of the Constitution.

FOURTEEN companies of Kentuckians from border counties have tendered their services to the Secretary of War, through Col. T. V. Guthrie, and ten are accepted, with orders to proceed, it is thought, on the Ohio side of the Ohio river.

TWENTY-FIVE hundred Union men are said to be enrolled in Western Virginia, and intend to offer their services to the Government.

DUMFRIES, below Alexandria, on the Potomac, was a sea port in colonial times, it is a good place for defence, and the Virginians are reported as preparing a camp there. Fifteen hundred secession troops, lately quartered at Alexandria, started for a point some 50 miles in the interior. Only sixty secession troops are left in Alexandria.

IT is stated that the State authorities of Tennessee objected to the passage of the Confederate troops from Kentucky through their territory, and that they have gone to Virginia.

MAJOR ANDERSON passed through Philadelphia last week, on his ways to Washington, and being recognized was greeted with great enthusiasm by the people along the route.

CHARLES TIBBETS, a member of the Rhode Island regiment, was married at Washington on the 2d, to one of "the daughters of the regiment," Miss Sarah Bradley. The soldiers celebrated the event with great pomp and festivity.

THERE are said to be about eighty cadets in the two senior classes at West Point,—classes who have been there four and five years—who are perfectly competent to act as officers, and very anxious to be called into service. They would be of far more use than the usual volunteer officers.

IT is believed at Washington that there will be a contest soon between the two contending forces, and that the battle ground will be between Richmond and Washington. Upon the first appearance of an advance upon the part of the Confederate troops, the Government will march their forces to meet them.

THE work of rebuilding the bridges on the Baltimore railroad south of Havre de Grace has commenced.

FRAME HOUSES.—Houses should be put up instead of tents for the troops wherever possible. A poor house is better than the best tent.

LEAVE OF ABSENCE for three months has been granted by the State Department to Colonel King, Minister to Rome, to enable him to command the Wisconsin volunteers, also, to Carl Schurz, Minister to Spain, who proposes to raise a company of cavalry.

☞ "Well, Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you feel to day?" "Och, doctor, dear, I enjoy very poor health intirely. This rumatics is very distressin' indade; when I go to sleep I lay awake all night, and my toes is swilled as large as a goose hen's eggs, so whin I stand up I fall down immediately."

MILITARY MATTERS.

A NEW PORTABLE HUT.—Mr. A. Derrom has erected in the Park, N. Y., a portable hut 12 feet square, which weighs about 1,000 pounds, and which can be put together in ten minutes by trained men. It costs $60. He believes it superior to tents in that it is dry, has a floor, will not wear out or blow down, gives good ventilation, and a man can stand in any portion of it. Although for convenience it is better to have but one size, yet any number of them can be connected so that a company, or a regiment, can be housed together if desirable. For hospitals or permanent camps it is decidedly superior to tents, and the ease with which it is put together suggests its use wherever a camp can be approached by steamers.

The permanent camps in England and France are now built up entirely with huts, experience having shown that they save the lives of many soldiers. Mr. Derrom has applied for a patent.

TROOPS.—The force already in the field, called out to sustain the Government, is as follows:—At Washington, or now on their way to the capital, including the Pennsylvania troops, 29,000; ready and waiting for transportation, 23,000; regiments forming in New York, 21,000; regiments forming in New England, 25,000;—a total of 94,000 men. This includes only about 9,000 of the Western troops. When the new quota and the Western troops are added, it is believed that the force will amount to 150,000 men.

ADVICE TO SOLDIERS.—During warm weather, soldiers in camp and upon march, frequently can obtain no other water to shake their thirst and cook their food, than that of ponds, rivers and brooks. These waters are frequently charged with organic matter, which is liable to produce dysentery, and, in many instances, cholera. Rapid running streams, even if they are as brown with mud as the Mississippi river, and as much charged with organic matter, are perfectly healthy, because the chemical change—as fermentation—takes place in them. Sluggish streams and stagnant pools are the most to be dreaded. The mud may be filtered from the water of a running river, by merely passing it through cotton cloth, a piece of a blanket or flannel shirt. This simple method of straining water will also be found a partial safeguard for stagnant water, but not a perfect one. When on march, soldiers should endeavor to endure thirst with fortitude, and to when they rest for cooking their food, they should boil the water which they intend to carry with them for drinking. When cooled and agitated in the air for a few moments so as to restore its air, it becomes quite pleasant to drink. The high heat of boiling destroys the fermenting action.

MARTIAL LAW.—Martial law is generally and vaguely held to be a suspension of all ordinary civil rights and process, and as such approximates closely to a military despotism. It is an arbitrary law, originating in emergencies. In times of extreme peril to the State, either from without or from within, the public welfare demands extraordinary measures. And martial law being proclaimed, signifies that the operation of the ordinary legal delays of justice is suspended by the military power, which less for the time become supreme. It suspends the operation of the writ of *habeas corpus*; enables persons charged with treason to be summarily tried by court martial instead of grand jury; justifies searches and seizures of private property, and the taking possession of public highways and other means of communication. Investing the highest exercise of sovereignty, it is, of course, capable of great abuse, and is only to be justified on emergencies of the most imperative and public nature.

FOOD AND MONEY REQUISITE.—As everything connected with the present military movement possesses interest to the reader, we give the following as the amount of food required daily for 100,000 soldiers—375 barrels of pork; 625,000 pounds of beef; 575 barrels of flour; 250 bushels of beans, or 10,000 pounds of rice; 6,000 pounds of coffee; 12,000 pounds of sugar; 1,000 gallons of vinegar; 1,500 pounds of candles; 4,000 pounds of soap; 62 bushels of salt. The annual cost of one thousand soldiers is estimated to be in the United States one million of dollars, or a thousand dollars to a man. It is a terrible drain upon any State to keep in the field even a fifth of the whole population.

ARRANGEMENT OF TROOPS.—The following is the regulation for the arrangement of the troops on parade and in order of battle: First, the light infantry; second, infantry of the line; third, light cavalry; fourth, cavalry of the line; fifth, heavy cavalry. The corps of the artillery and engineers are in the centre of the brigades, divisions or corps to which they are attached; marines take the left of other infantry; volunteers and militia take the left of regular troops of the same arm, and among themselves, regiments of volunteers or militia of the same arm take place by lot. This arrangement is varied by the General commanding in chief, as the circumstances of war render expedient. Brigades in divisions, and divisions in the army, are numbered from right to left; but in reports of military operations, brigades and divisions are designated by the name of the General commanding them.

A NEW KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.—While the Seventh Regiment was in Philadelphia, a fine old Quaker lady, observing that one of the band was in state of great embarrassment for the lack of a string with which to secure the mouth of his bag of provisions, observed quickly, "Friend, I would not give thee an implement of war, but thee shall have a string to preserve thy food." Then she turned partly away for an instant, and stooped down, to tie her shoe, apparently, but when she rose up she handed to the blushing blower of brass, a neat, green band, that a moment before had been doing duty as—a *garter*.—*N. Y. Leader*.

MAJOR ANDERSON'S OPINION OF HIS REGIMENTS.—Major Anderson, in acknowledging the sword presented to him by the citizens of Taunton, speaking of the attack on Fort Sumpter, said: "One of the most painful recollections of that event, that when our barracks were on fire, and the men were compelled to cover their faces with wet handkerchiefs, and lie with their faces upon the ground to avoid suffocation, instead of fighting a white flag with assistance to extinguish the flames then threatening us with destruction, they rapidly increased their fire upon us from every battery, in total disregard of every feeling of humanity."

NOVEL AND FORMIDABLE BATTERY.—The determination to reconstruct the bridges on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, destroyed by a mob from Baltimore, has led to the construction of a rail road battery by the Federal Government, at the locomotive works of Baldwin & Co., in this city. One of the long platform baggage cars has been fixed with sides and top of thick sheet iron, the sides having port holes for musketry. A turn table has been arranged, on which a rifled cannon is to be placed. The carriage for the gun is so constructed, that it can be fired at any angle, and from any one of the port-holes in the side or end of the car. In place of musket or shell for the cannon, pieces of iron punched from locomotive boilers, will be used as loads. This car is to be placed in front of a locomotive, and with fifty men inside, armed with Minie rifles, and season to work the cannon, there are but few more terrible instruments of destruction.

STEAM GUN.—The Baltimore steam gun will discharge 300 balls in a minute. The range is accurate up and down, but the balls are liable to hit wide of the mark on one side or the other. Its range is about 100 yards, and it can be worked so as to discharge in any direction. The whole machine weighs 6,700 pounds, and is about the size of a steam fire-engine. The impression of most of those who have seen it is that it will not be of much service.

ADVICE TO VOLUNTEERS.—Do not wear *cotton* stockings; your feet will be blistered by a six hours' march. Wear *woollen* stockings, and if you can find the means to dip the soles in melted tallow before starting, your feet will not be blistered at all.

IMPORTANT TO FOOT SOLDIERS.—HOW TO CLOTHE THE FEET AND KEEP THEM COMFORTABLE.—1. Blistering, burning, soreness and tenderness of the soles of the feet may almost invariably be prevented, even when marching for days together, and over a heated road, by soaping the sole of the stocking—that is, covering it with a thin coating of the cheapest brown soap. This, at the same time, keeps the skin of the sole cool, hardens it, and prevents inflammation. Coarse cotton (!) socks are the best for walking.

2. The boot or shoe should have a thick sole; it is also important that they should be simply "double-soled;" the soles should be at least half-an-inch thick; if three-fourths of an inch or an inch, all the better; they are more expensive, but if well made they will last a long time, and the feet in the severest weather will be found easy to walk in, the feet easily becoming accustomed to their weight.

AMOUNT OF LEAD TO KILL A SOLDIER.—At the meeting held on Monday at Cooper's Institute, Dr. Church addressed the audience upon the mortality incident to war. Disease and exposure constituted, he said, the great causes of death among soldiers. There had been obtained careful statistics at the Crimea and other places, of the amount of metal employed, and the number of the killed and wounded. The result was, that they had ascertained, with mathematical certainty, that 270 pounds of lead were shot away to kill every man that was killed. Prevention against disease was, therefore, what the soldier chiefly needed.

CONTRABAND OF WAR.—By treaties of the United States with France, Great Britain, Sweden, Spain, Prussia, the Netherlands, Brazil, Central America, Mexico, Chili, Equador, Peru, Venezuela, New Granada, and the Two Sicilies, goods contraband of war, which are subject to seizure by a belligerent if found on board a neutral ship to be conveyed to an enemy's ports, are expressly designated as—

1st. Cannon and small ammunition.

2nd. Bucklers, helmets, breastplates, coats of mail, infantry belts, and clothes made up in a military form and for military use.

3rd. Cavalry belts and horses with their furniture.

4th. All kinds of arms and instruments of iron, steel, brass and copper, or of any other materials, manufactured, prepared and formed expressly for the purpose of war, either by sea or land.

5th. Provisions to a besieged or blockaded place, and those places only are besieged or blockaded which are actually attacked by a force capable of preventing the entry of a vessel.

THE MINIE RIFLE.—The first rifle in vogue in France was the so called pillar rifle of Thouvenin, but the invention of Mr. Minie is one which has practically revolutionized the fire arms of the present day. The improvements made by Mr. Minie are confined almost wholly to the form of the projectile, and have very little reference to that of the gun out of which it is fired. The ball is of an oblong conical form, something like an acorn without its cup; but instead of being solid, this cone is hollowed out at the base into a cup like form. The advantages of this form of projectile are that it offers less resistance to the air than a round ball would, and that having its centre of gravity in its foremost part, it has no tendency to turn over in its flight; but its chief merit in a military point of view, is that with it the rifle can be loaded as easily as the ordinary smooth bored gun, the fouling of the ball in the grooves of the barrel being effected by the explosion of the gunpowder, and not by the ramrod. The form of the rifle proper to these conical missiles differs very little from those used with the old spherical ball, except that a three grooved rifle has superseded the old two grooved gun, and it is still an unsettled question whether four grooves would not be better than three. With this weapon the soldier can make far better practice at a hundred, or even one thousand yards, than he could with the old musket at one hundred or two hundred yards.

SUDDEN CHANGE OF SENTIMENT IN THE NORTH.—As an incident of the recent sudden change of sentiment, the *New York Leader* (Douglas Democrat) says: "Three months ago an eminent citizen assured us that if any Northern soldiers wished to go South, it should be over his dead body. Last Sunday that same citizen was seen on board a ship as a volunteer to go South. He also became responsible for $2,000 worth of clothing. He chartered a steam tug at $10 an hour, and went with the Quartermaster of a regiment to get muskets at Governor's Island. He also furnished a thousand knapsacks and blankets to volunteers. This is a change to some purpose; and yet it is but a sample of the thousands that have changed in like warm patriotism to the most ardent devotion to our flag."

ARMY CLOTHING.—The following is from a graduate of West Point—one who has been in service, and whose opinion is entitled to consideration:

"As many mistakes have been made in the selection of materials for clothing our volunteers, a few suggestions from an army officer will not be amiss. The clothing prescribed for the soldiers of the regular army, after long experience, is undoubtedly the best for volunteers. The overcoat, uniform coat, sack coat or blouse, trowsers and blankets, should be of wool, without any mixing of cotton, and should, contrary to cut and usage, be made loose. In case a soldier has one coat, one forage cap, one uniform coat, two sack coats, two pair drawers, three flannel shirts, four pairs stockings in one year; two blankets, two leather stocks in five years three pair of shoes the first year, two pair the second year.

TRAVEL OPEN AGAIN.—As considerable ignorance appears to prevail relative to the facilities of travel between Washington and the North, I would state that, although the Government for a day or two prohibited travel on this route, they have now decided that two trains shall run regularly, each way, on the Philadelphia and Baltimore and Annapolis Junction, connecting with boats to ply between Annapolis and Perry ville. Tickets are sold at Washington and Philadelphia at six dollars for the trip, and for the present, at least, a rapid through passage will be guaranteed. Upon the top of each ticket are the words, "United States Military Route." Suspicious looking trunks will be searched here. —*Corres. of Philada. Inquirer.*

A CHAT ABOUT FLOWERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

I quit the city's grimy gates,
I tread green paths and woodland ways;
The balmy bush of summer days
Lies over Nature's wide estates.

II.

Here runs a broken brook along,
Its shelving banks with blossoms stain'd;
And here, alone, with brow blue-vein'd,
And lips alive with some old song,

III.

I meet a child, both small and fair,
Her hat and apron filled with flowers,—
And some wild vine in bloomy showers,
Twined loosely in her flossy hair.

IV.

A mimic Flora! and my knee
Shall be the tiny sovereign's throne;
This sante room is still and lone,
Come, pretty, I will talk with thee.

V.

Thou seemest fond of early hours,
The sunlight of the day is new;
Thou seemest fond of early flowers,
Thy little feet are damp with dew.

VI.

What hast thou in thine apron, pet?
Ah! lilies with their leaves as wet
As the eyelids of a grieving lady;
Heliotrope and violet,
From woodside steep and shady.

VII.

Ah! little Flora, dost thou know
For what sweet use those buds were fashion'd?
That violet, this rose impassion'd,
These lilies with their lips of snow?

VIII.

Hast read the holy, fragrant text,
Which Nature has ordain'd that each
Of those her own anointed, preach
To hearts forlorn and spirits vex'd?

IX.

Many a cruel word or thought
Drops thro' a sieve of new blown roses,
And straight way loses
The bitterness from malice caught.

X.

Many a man goes past yon park,
With soul matured and ripe in sin;—
The wind drops singing to the lin,
The moon rides thro' the dark;

XI.

But not a thought of peace or pardon,
Breaks through his nature's harden'd crust,—
Until that gate is backward thrust,
And down he paces to the garden.

XII.

Leave him to go,
Quiet and slow,
On thro' the shadow'd paths below.

XIII.

Leave him to drink with fever'd lips,
The fresh breath of the sleeping flowers,
All wet with summer's diamond showers,
All dim with twilight's half eclipse.

XIV.

Leave him to dream the olden dreams
Of Adam in his Paradise;
"The grand old gardener" whose eyes
First ponder'd Nature's healthful schemes.

XV.

And going, drinking, dreaming there,
His eyes with tinsily tears shall draw,
His soul within his breast shall swim,
His lips grow tender with a prayer!

XVI.

And all his after walks with men
Will steal a freshness from those hours,
When first he searched the Book of Flowers,
And found the words of God therein!

XVII.

But, little Flora, noon is nigh,
And, I bethink me, some one waits
For thee beyond the cottage gates;
So, humming bird, I'll let thee fly.

XVIII.

Ah, me! thy broken buds are dead!
Thou'lt gather more another day;
And if thou chance to come this way,
Remember all the stranger said.

Philadelphia.

STREET SCENES IN TURKEY.

BY REV. G. BOWLER.

Wandering in search of adventure and amusement through the streets of Smyrna, near the close of a beautiful summer day, I met a slave dealer leading a young woman, whose unveiled face proclaimed her a Circassian. Often as I had read of the beauty of the ladies of her race, I was altogether unprepared for a vision of such loveliness. Her complexion was unlike anything I had ever seen; clear, white, and so delicate as to suggest the poetic idea of Solomon, "fed upon lillies." There was no permanent blush upon the cheek, but with every emotion was a flush which played like sunlight over the whole face. Her eyes, unlike the "lamping radiance" of those of the Grecian ladies which seem almost to transfix one, had a peculiarly softened expression, while at the same time there seemed a depth unfathomed in them.

I have sometimes thought Solomon extravagant in his description, as though passionate love had overstrained itself for similes, yet here I saw the truthfulness of his expressions, "Thine eyes are the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk and fitly set;" "like the fish-pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bathrabbim."

Nothing could more fairly and beautifully represent the softness and the depth of the eyes of this captive. The teeth, even and beautifully set, gleamed like pearls through their coral casement, and the whole bearing was queenly beyond description. Her hair was as black as a raven, and hung in flowing tresses down her shoulders.

For this magnificent specimen of flesh and blood the price demanded was about fifteen thousand piastres, or about $650. I turned away from this scene with sadness, and yet to her there was nothing sad in being thus exposed in the market. She had been taught to look forward to this hour as the happiest hour of life. Until now she had been confined to her mountain home, as closely guarded and as jealously watched as would be the most valuable gem or diamond; now for a brief season, a few days at the most, she could view the passing wonders of busy city life, before she should be encased for the remainder of life in that living tomb, a Turkish harem.

It is astonishing how rapidly beauty fades in these warm climates. At twelve or thirteen years, the girls are as mature as at twenty with us, and at twenty-five or thirty they are positively old, wrinkled and faded, sallow in complexion, and often almost idiotic in expression. Nor is this to be wondered at greatly on second thought, for there are no means available whereby to keep up a vigorous life. There is little or no instruction of any kind. Not one in a thousand are taught to read and write. There are no books, no newspapers, no amusements, no intercourse, even among individuals of the same sex. Shut up in the harem, they see no one but the ladies of the same family or the master of the house, and as he usually has his favorite wife, it is seldom that the others see even him.

Occasionally they are taken out to ride in a bullock cart, or to sail on the waters of the bay in a caique, but always closely veiled and guarded. The older ladies sometimes go into the bazaars shopping. You may see coming along the street a living form, looking more like a ghost than a human being, covered with a white "yashmak" from head to foot, with only a narrow aperture for the eyes, and even this oftentimes covered by a mask of black wire gauze. Beyond this nothing is to be seen except the yellow slippers which are invariably worn by the ladies.

There are no employments by which these ladies can occupy their time, except it be in embroidery, in admiring themselves, or in developing the charms which shall make them more attractive to their husbands. Serious charges are made against the morals of the Turkish women, and yet the facts would not probably show a greater laxity than in other nations. Of course, where no trust is reposed, there is no appeal to fidelity and honor. A wife is only one of several, and may at any time be divorced or superseded, and however devotedly attached she may be to her husband, she cannot be expected to invest the marriage relation in her own mind with all that sanctity that Christianity throws around it. But I must not stop to moralize in the street.

The modes of living in Turkey are so entirely in contrast with other places, that it is difficult, to say the least, for a foreigner to fall in with them. Visiting the Boston Aquarial Gardens one day with the Hon. M——T——, after looking attentively through a powerful microscope at a drop of water, said he, "There, I never will drink any more water as long as I live." I thought of this often, and, after viewing the process of cooking, I was tempted to say, "There, I never will eat again as long as I live." There are no chimneys to the houses usually, but the cooking is done at public bakeries. These are open to the street, and the process of cooking is exposed to every passer by. The bread is all kneaded by the feet. A great strapping Greek, with dirty legs and feet, jumps into the kneading trough and dances away as if for very life until the proper consistency is attained, when the dough is formed into rolls or loaves, and transferred to the ovens. My own experience in this matter was not, however, quite so bad as that of some other travellers. One who had been travelling some distance called at a cafe early in the day, and asked for some eggs to be cooked, feeling that this must be a clean dish, whatever the other cooking might be. Mine host drew forth a frying pan, set it over the coals, poured in a quantity of oil, broke in the eggs, and then taking his pipe stem out of his mouth, deliberately stirred them up with it.

The butter which is used in the East is made from goat's milk, and is as white as dirty lard with us. It is usually packed in goat skins, with the hair inside, so that if you use butter it will be necessary always to eat at your leisure, or you will be sure to swallow a larger quantity of hair than will be altogether agreeable. Nor are all the disagreeable things confined to the eatables. Much of the water used in the East is brought to the streets in goat-skins which have never been dressed. They are stripped from the animal, the legs and neck tied up with cords, and thus with the hair within are used as water bottles; and those who are fond of "pure old Muscat wine," do not find its manufacture so cleanly an operation as might be desired.

I was invited by the proprietor of one of the largest manufactories to visit his establishment. After walking through the cellars, in which were stored thousands of hogsheads of wine of all ages, I was taken to the press. Here was a tank capable of holding some fifty bushels of grapes, raised about two feet from the ground, and having several passages to drain off the juice into tubs, from which it was transferred to the vats. Above the press was a large beam, from which several ropes depended. After the press had been filled with grapes, a half-dozen dirty Greeks, almost naked, jumped into the presses, seized the ropes to support them, and then, up to their waists in grapes, began to dance and tread out the pure juice. After sufficient exercise of this character, they sprang out upon the ground, and wiping off the juice that remained upon their persons, threw it back into the press. After seeing this operation, I could very easily change the expression, "I will drink no more water," into "I will drink no more wine."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Woodcutters are often exposed to great dangers by the unexpected fall of trees, and they need all the courage and self-possession they can command to save themselves in sudden emergencies. The following occurrence took place about forty years ago, and will interest our readers:—

My brother Heman liked the business of carrying the mail better than I did, and so I went to work in a new clearing I had commenced, about a mile and a half from home, and not quite so far from the house of my brother-in-law. I used to stay as often at one place as the other. It was a bad arrangement, as in case of accident neither family would be alarmed, or go to look out for me, if I should not come home. I felt the force of this in the course of the winter, as you will see directly.

There had fallen one of our old-fashioned, northern New York snows, crusted over hard enough to bear a man. I was getting on famously with my clearing, getting ready to build a house in the spring. I was ambitious, and worked early and late, going without any dinner some days, when the bread and meat I had brought in my pocket was frozen so hard that I could not masticate it without taking up too much of my time. One day it was intensely cold, with the prospect of a storm that might hinder my work the next day, and so I worked on as long as I could I see, and after twilight I felled a tree, which in its descent lodged against another. I could not bear the idea of leaving the job half finished. I mounted the almost prostrate body to cut a limb to let it down.

The bole of the tree forked, about forty feet up, into two equal parts, with large, projecting limbs from both. It was one of these I had to cut away to bring the tree to the ground. In my haste perhaps I was not so careful as I should have been; at any rate, the first blow eased the lodgment, so that the tree began to settle, and I was just going to jump off, when the fork split, and, as it did so, one foot dropped into the space, so that I could not extricate it for the moment, but I felt no alarm, for I knew that I could cut away the tree in a minute, or perhaps draw my foot out of the hool, as the pressure was not severe. At the first blow of the axe the tree took another start, rolled over, and the split closed with all the force of its giant strength, crushing my foot till the very bones were flattened; and there I hung suspended, just able to touch the tips of my fingers in the snow, with nothing to rest upon for a moment—the air at zero, and growing colder—the nearest house a mile away, no friends to feel alarmed at my absence, for one would suppose me safe with the other.

My axe, in its fall, rested upon the snow-crust about ten feet off. I did not think how I was to cut myself loose from the body of that great tree, suspended as I was, head down, and suffering from the rush of disordered blood, but I thought that keen blade my only hope of life was fixed. Just forward of me grew a slim bush, which I thought, if I could obtain, I could form into a hook by twisting the limbs together, and draw the axe within reach.

Although the bush was out of my reach, I at last succeeded in getting hold of it by means of a loop which I made by tying my suspenders together. I then drew it toward me and cut it off with my pocket-knife—one of that sort known as "Barlow knives," having a single blade about two and a half inches long, and three-eighths of an inch wide, with equal form, half its length iron and horn, or bone. I succeeded admirably in fashioning my hook, and almost felt the handle of the axe within my grasp, so certain was I of success. From the tree that imprisoned me the ground descended rapidly for a dozen rods or more to a little creek. My axe lay upon the brow of the hill. The first movement I made toward twisting the loop of my stick around the handle of my axe, so as to draw it within my reach, loosened it from its icy rest, and away it went down the hill, crushing through the little, frost-bitten bushes down upon the ice of the creek, to a fall of a few rods below, and over that into the water, that seemed to send an icy chill through every vein and artery of my whole body.

Still I had my knife. True, it was a rough, surgical instrument, but hope and the love of life gave me strength to climb up by my fastened leg and cut away the boot and stocking, and then with that knife I unjointed my ankle and fell to the ground—my leg a footless, bleeding stump. The intensity of the cold saved me from bleeding to death. I tore off part of my coat, and with my handkerchief and suspenders managed to bind my leg with a handful of snow, and started to crawl home. I succeeded in getting within sight of the house, and then strength utterly failed me.

I tried my voice in vain, but I could make no one hear. I exerted myself once more, and crawled toward the road that I knew Heman must come. It was a painful task, for beside exhaustion from loss of blood, I was perishing with cold. Just then I heard my brother's stage horn, and the jingle of the bells coming down the hill. I strained my voice to the utmost pitch, but he did not, could not hear; but there was another friend—who did hear. Old Hunter, the noble dog, had insisted on accompanying this trip, and brother said, "Let him go; who knows what good may come of it?" Good did come of it, for his ear was quicker than Heman's, and he roused up at the first cry, and as the second reached his ear he leaped out, and in a minute was at the spot where I lay upon the snow. He smelled all around, and I held up my footless leg. Just then the sleigh had got up the hill. Hunter sprang back into the path, barked loudly, and as the horses came up, he jumped up, seized the reins, and would not let go till Heman called a halt. Hunter let go his hold on the horses, jumped back to the sleigh, caught hold of Heman's hand, pulling off the mitten, and away he ran back where I was, and commenced barking furiously; but I heard nothing. The effect upon me when I knew that I was discovered by that faithful dog, and that he never would desert me, had caused me to faint. My brother knew that Hunter was not at play—that something serious was the matter and he jumped out of the sleigh and ran after him.

In a little time I was safe at home; the doctor was sent for, and my wound properly dressed. I eventually recovered, but was, however, a cripple for life.

AMERICAN CUSTOMS.

We take the following from "Temple Bar," an English periodical. Our English friends in this instance, as in many others, confound the customs of different portions of the Union. In the Northern States an immediate resort to the knife, pistol or rifle, in cases of offence, is not usual—though more frequent, we grant, than in England. Says the writer of the article referred to:—

"Only the lowest of the low use their fists," said an Irish-American to me, as we discussed this question in the great hall in the Mammoth Cave at Kentucky. "We hold it brutal to use the fist. But," he added, "I don't understand your feelings about these things in the old country. Last year I went to see my brother in Ireland, and I found him constantly giving me the lie, though, of course, unintentionally, and in pure jocularity. 'Brother,' I had to say at last, 'I know you don't mean any harm, but I must really beg you not to pain me with those expressions, which, over in America, we consider only blood can possibly wipe out.' Yes, sir, I can hardly explain to you how it jarred upon me."

But with two stories—one of an intended duel and one of an attempted assassination, both of which help to illustrate the heat of American blood, and the carelessness with which the semi-Indian Yankee regards his own life and that of his enemy—fierce shade of Colonel Bowie, bear with me while I write.

A few years since an American merchant, not unknown or unregarded by me, was compelled to demand payment of a debt from a banker of high standing in a Southern city, whose affairs, it was generally reported, were getting daily more and more embarrassed. The banker, after many turns and windings, at last reluctantly fixed on a day for an interview and a settlement. The day came, the men met; the merchant calm and inflexibly persistent; the banker pale, uneasy, restless, and disconcerted. Suddenly the banker leaped to the door, double locked it, and, putting a revolver to the merchant's head, swore he would blow his brains out if he did not instantly sign an acquittance frpeing him from all charges. He expected to intimidate; but the miserable dastard little knew my friend. He knew the cheating coward did not dare to fire, and he braved him, and forced him at last, cowed and baffled, to open the door and let him forth. The instant he left the house he went to a friend and chose a second, named rifles as the weapons, distance forty paces, each man, as he fired, to advance ten paces for the second shot, till one or both fell. Half that night, leaving his friends in his hotel bar to drink and wrangle about the quarrel, the merchant spent preparing for death, alone in his bedroom. He would not drink, he said, because he was determined to kill his man. The other half he went to bed to sleep soundly, so that his nerves might be in full tension, and his eye and aim sure, on the morrow. But at day-break the bedroom door opened and a friend entered, bringing a message of retraction from the banker. At first the merchant would not receive the message. He wanted no apology. Nothing but a life would satisfy him. It was a great crime he had to revenge.

Three times repulsed, three times the herald returned, with each time fuller and fuller offers of contrition and abasement. The villain was a coward. Next day, in full exchange, and amid friends and enemies, the guilty man knelt to his injured foe, and confessed his sin. Perhaps not cowardice bowed him, but the sense of deep contrition and shame. From that day till this the guilty man has never lifted up his head among his companions. He walks the street of —— a branded and disgraced coward.

Years ago this happened; yet, when the merchant told it me, his eyes kindled like a hungry wolf when he smells food, his great chest dilated, and his sinewy hands seemed to feel round him for his rifle. Yet he was as tender-hearted a man as ever kissed a child's forehead, and, save when roused by insult, would not have hurt a fly.

AT THE DOOR

"Who is it knocks this stormy night?
Be very careful of the light!"
The good man said to his wife.
And the good wife went to the door:
But never again in all his life
Will the good man see her more.

For he who knocked that night was Death,
And the light went out with a little breath;
And the good man will miss his wife,
Till he, too, goes to the door,
When Death will carry him up to his wife,
To behold her face once more.

GOOD FOR CHOATE.—Rufus Choate, arguing a case before the late Judge Shaw, indulged himself in a poetic flight. The Judge stopped him and asked him if he meant so and so. "Yes, your Honor," replied Mr. Choate. "Then why didn't you say so?" "Because," said Mr. Choate, somewhat startled by the bluntness of the Judge, "few men possess the felicity of expression which your Honor possesses."

☞ The directors of the theatres of the suburbs of Vienna have received orders that, before producing any new piece, they must have a general dress rehearsal of it before a commissary of police, so that the costumes may be modified in the event of their appearing objectionable, either on moral or political grounds.

THE DIET OF CHILDREN.

FROM "EDUCATION," BY HERBERT SPENCER.

Not only is it that the *a priori* reasons for trusting the appetites of children are so strong; and that the reasons assigned for distrusting them are invalid; but it is that no other guidance is worthy of any confidence. What is the value of this parental judgment, set up as an alternative regulator? When to "Oliver asking for more," the mamma or the governess replies in the negative, on what data does she proceed? She *thinks* he has had enough. But where are her grounds for so thinking? Has she some secret understanding with the boy's stomach—some *clairvoyant* power enabling her to discern the needs of his body? If not, how can she safely decide? Does she not know that the demand of the system for food is determined by numerous and involved causes—varies with the temperature, with the hygrometric state of the air, with the electric state of the air—varies also according to the exercise taken, according to the kind and quality of food eaten at the last meal, and according to the rapidity with which the last meal was digested? How can she calculate the result of such a combination of causes? As we heard said by the father of a five-years-old boy, who stands a head taller than most of his age, and is proportionately robust, rosy, and active:—"I can see no artificial standard by which to mete out his food. If I say, 'this much is enough,' it is a mere guess; and the guess is as likely to be wrong as right. Consequently, having no faith in guesses, I let him eat his fill." And certainly, any one judging of his policy by its effects, would be constrained to admit its wisdom. In truth, this confidence, with which most parents take upon themselves to legislate for the stomachs of their children, proves their unacquaintance with the principles of physiology: if they knew more they would be more modest. "The pride of science is humble when compared with the pride of ignorance." If any one would learn how little faith is to be placed in human judgments, and how much in the pre-established arrangements of things, let him compare the rashness of the inexperienced physician with the caution of the most advanced; or let him dip into Sir John Forbes' work, *On Nature and Art in the Cure of Disease;* and he will then see that, in proportion as men gain a greater knowledge of the laws of life, they come to have less confidence in themselves, and more in Nature.

Turning from the question of *quantity* of food to that of *quality*, we may discern the same ascetic tendency. Not simply a more or less restricted diet, but a comparatively low diet, is thought proper for children. The current opinion is, that they should have but little animal food. Among the less wealthy classes, economy seems to have dictated this opinion—the wish has been father to the thought. Parents not affording to buy much meat, and liking meat themselves, answer the petitions of juveniles with—"Meat is not good for little boys and girls;" and this, at first, probably nothing but a convenient excuse, has by repetition grown into an article of faith. While the classes with whom cost is not a consideration, have been swayed partly by the example of the majority, partly by the influence of nurses drawn from the lower classes, and in some measure by the reaction against past animalism.

If, however, we inquire for the basis of this opinion, we find little or none. It is a dogma repeated and received without proof, like that which, for thousands of years, insisted on the necessity of swaddling clothes. It may indeed be true that, to the young child's stomach, not yet endowed with much muscular power, meat, which requires considerable trituration before it can be made into chyme, is an unfit aliment. But this objection does not tell against animal food from which the fibrous part has been extracted; nor does it apply when, after the lapse of two or three years, considerable muscular vigor has been acquired. And while the evidence in support of this dogma, partially valid in the case of very young children, is not valid in the case of older children, who are, nevertheless, ordinarily treated in conformity with the dogma, the adverse evidence is abundant and conclusive. The verdict of science is exactly opposite to the popular opinion. We have put the question to two of our leading physicians, and to several of the most distinguished physiologists, and they uniformly agree in the conclusion, that children should have a diet not *less* nutritive, but, if anything, *more* nutritive than that of adults.

The grounds for this conclusion are obvious, and the reasoning simple. It needs but to compare the vital processes of a man with those of a boy, to see at once that the demand for sustenance is relatively greater in the boy than in the man. What are the ends for which a man requires food? Each day his body undergoes more or less wear—wear through muscular exertion, wear of the nervous system through mental actions, wear of the viscera in carrying on the functions of life, and the tissue thus wasted has to be renewed. Each day, too, by perpetual radiation, his body loses a large amount of heat; and as, for the continuance of the vital actions, the temperature of the body must be maintained, this loss has to be compensated by a constant production of heat: to which end certain constituents of the food are unceasingly undergoing oxidation. To make up for the day's waste, and to supply fuel for the day's expenditure of heat, are, then, the sole purposes for which the adult requires food. Consider now the case of the boy. He, too, wastes the substance of his body by action; and it needs but to note his restless activity to see that, in proportion to his bulk, he probably wastes as much as a man. He, too, loses heat by radiation; and, as his body exposes a greater surface in proportion to its mass than does that of a man, and therefore loses heat more rapidly, the quantity of heat-food he requires is, bulk for bulk, greater than that required by a man. So that even had the boy no other vital processes to carry on than the man has, he would need, relatively to his size, a somewhat larger supply of nutriment. But, besides repairing his body and maintaining its heat, the boy has to make new tissue—to grow. After waste and thermal loss have been provided for such surplus of nutriment as remains, goes to the further building up of the frame; and only in virtue of this surplus is normal growth possible—the growth that sometimes takes place in the absence of such surplus, causing a manifest prostration consequent upon defective repair. How peremptory is the demand of the unfolding organism for materials, is seen alike in that "school-boy hunger," which after-life rarely parallels in intensity, and in the comparatively quick return of appetite. And if there needs further evidence of this extra necessity for nutriment, we have it in the fact that, during the famines following shipwrecks and other disasters, the children are the first to die.

NICE LITTLE INQUISITIVE CHILDREN, AND "THE REASON WHY?"

If the first-born of Egypt were lively children, with a tendency to ask questions, I look upon Herod as a benevolently wise man, whose acts have been misconstrued, and whose memory has been vilified. A vast amount of nonsensical interrogatives, which would have bothered the patriarchs, and perhaps stopped the wheels of that parental style of government, he spared that generation.

The other day in an unguarded moment, I accepted the charge and custody of a young gentleman who wore half gaiters and a Charles II. hat and feather. His sponsors in baptism had given him one name—circumstance another. His later appellation was "Buster." His age, as he informed me, was "going on 7." When he had made up his mind that we were to be left together, he eyed me malevolently a moment, and immediately commenced the following system of torture:

What was my name, and my brother's name and my father's name, and why? Did I have any little boys? Why didn't I have any little boys? What was the reason if I didn't have any little boys, I didn't have any little girls? All this put as one question with no stops, and a gradual rising inflection.

Was them buttons gold in my sleeve, and why? How much did they cost? Did they cost one hundred and fifty dollars? If they didn't cost an hundred and fifty five dollars, what would be the price of a gold house with gold furniture and gold staircase. Did I ever see a house with these aurriferous peculiarities? No?

What then would be the cost of a silver carriage with gold harness? What *then* would be the cost of a leaden carriage with iron harness? And why?

Did I know why the flies walked on the ceiling? Could I walk on the ceiling? Not if I had one man to hold my head and another my legs? Why couldn't I? Couldn't I if I was a giant? Did I ever see a giant? Was I personally acquainted with any? Did I ever see them eat?

How far was it to New York? Was it a million of miles? Fifty million of miles? If he (Buster) had a balloon, and should start off, would he get there to-night? nor next night, nor another night, nor next week—and WHY?

I soon found out that this WHY! was simply a form of closing all questions like the usual note of interrogation. (!)

What was my business and did I know say stories? and WHY?

This afforded a plan of relief. I instantly started into an animated history of my previous life and adventures. I invested all my relations and friends with supernatural attributes, and made myself a creation something between a Genie and Robinson Crusoe. I made the most astonishing voyages and saw the most remarkable occurrences. I drew liberally from the Arabian Nights and Baron Munchausen. Whenever I saw the open mouth "address itself to motion, as though 'twould speak," I brought in a Roc or a Genie or a casket of diamonds, and took away the unhappy child's breath! In the midst of an animated description of my last voyage to the Hoarhound Islands, and my adventures in the damp caves, where the candles hung in long stalactites, the parents happily returned. I hurriedly received their thanks and left. But I have the secret satisfaction of knowing that all that pent up torrent of questions burst on the unhappy father; and that geographical inquiries regarding the locality of the "Floating Islands" the "Blanc Mange Archipelago"—and "the Valley of Cream Cakes," will be henceforth his dreadful lot to meet and answer!

A SERMON SIX MILES LONG.—A devotedly pious man, who lived some six miles from the house of worship, once complained to his pastor of the distance he had to go to attend public worship, while many others had but a few steps to walk to enjoy divine ordinances. "Never mind," said the good minister, "remember that every Sabbath you have the privilege of *preaching a sermon six miles long*—you preach the Gospel to all the residents and people you pass."

DEATH.—We must die alone. To the very verge of the stream our friends may accompany us; they may bend over us, they may cling to us there; but that one long wave from the sea of Eternity washes up to the lips, sweeps us from the shore, and we go forth alone! In that untried and utter solitude, then, what can there be for us but the pulsation of that assurance—"I am not alone, because the Father is with me!"

DR. PARR AT WHIST.—Dr. Parr had a high opinion of his own skill at whist, and could not even patiently tolerate the want of it in his partner. Being engaged with a party in which he was unequally matched, he was asked by a lady how the fortune of the game turned, when he replied, "Pretty well, madam, considering that I have three adversaries."

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

She sat in the shade of the portico,
Busy with some sweet task;
The Spanish eyes and the forehead low,
Hid by the airy mask
Of the dusky hair that had rippled down
As he sprang o'er the flower-bed—
In sooth, she had purposed to frame a frown,
But she framed a smile instead!

He took her hand in that certain way,
More eloquent than words;
No sound fell into the silent day,
Save the chirp of the orchard birds;
Her work lay close by her side unscanned,
The book on her knee unread—
In sooth, she had purposed to loose her hand,
But he caught the other instead!

And when with the wealth of the rosy June,
The bees to their hives had got,
He leaned through the lull of the sleepy noon,
And whispered a—*you know what!*
She swayed from his earnest eyes, and low
She buried her blushing head—
In sooth, she had purposed to say, "No! No!"
But she murmured "Yes!" instead!"

—*Lady's Book.*

THE RULING PASSION.

OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY EDWINA BURBURY,

AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"We met! 'twas in a crowd,
And I thought he would shun me.
He came, I could not move,
For his eye was upon me."—*Ballad.*

"Whispering tongues can poison truth."
—*Coleridge.*

The Duchess of Carlisle was much astonished at the abrupt entrance of her visitor, and eagerly bending forward exclaimed,

"Who speaks?"

"I—Julia!"

As eagerly as she had first sprang forward, Beatrice now drew back, while her visitor, bursting into a paroxysm of tears and sobs, dropped her head upon her cousin's hand, exclaiming,

"Oh, Beatrice, Beatrice, have mercy—forgive me! Do not cast me off!"

"I do forgive you; but—"

"You hate me. You think I deceived you, but I was deceived myself. I was—I was!"

"Impossible!"

"It is true. My father and mother believed Orsini was to be my husband; but up to the last, very last day, I expected, hoped, was sure it would be George. And you know, dearest, I mentioned no name—I told you no falsehood."

"No; you only implied it—forced on my belief the lie it would not have been safe to write or speak. And now you boast of it! For shame, Julia,—for shame!"

"Oh! you were always a good and generous, and in your abundant happiness, now, can pity the miserable girl whose reckless love for one who professed to love her as truly, prompted her to what might have been a fatal deception."

"Ay, fatal, indeed!"

"No, no, do not say so! Do not make me hate myself worse than I do already. Nobly, happily married, the momentary preference for him must long since have died out, leaving only contempt for one who dared so to trifle with your heart at the very time he was writing such letters to me as those you saw."

The speaker paused a moment, and, through her thick blonde ringlets, watched her cousin's face in the clear white light as she spoke the last words. But no shade of suspicion darkened it. The poor girl only shivered, and murmured below her breath, "Yes, yes, the letters—they were true!"

"They were; and therefore, cruelly as he treated and neglected me towards the end, I never doubted but at the last he would come forward and rescue me from Orsini, whom I only accepted as a blind."

The Duchess drew a heavy sigh, and Julia continued: "If, then dearest, I did wrong in withholding perfect confidence from you, who so much deserved it, pity and forgive me. I meant no wrong, and I am punished bitterly."

"Ah, it has been a shameful and unhappy business!"

"It has—it has; and from the scorn and misery it has brought on me, you are my only refuge. In the home where I once reigned almost supreme, William's wife now is the idol. My mother, disappointed and chagrined, treats me with the cruellest indifference, taunting me with the degradation, which of itself humbles me to the earth. My father is powerless to defend me, and the world scarcely takes the trouble to conceal its laughter at my expense. Home, therefore, is no home—"

Her voice faltered; her uplifted hands wavered, then fell and before Beatrice could reach her, Julia Shirley lay fainting on the floor. And it came to pass that when she awoke to consciousness, she found herself in one of the handsomest guest chambers at Carlisle House, its sweet mistress watching over her with the kindliest solicitude.

The next day, and the next, the well-pleased intriguante kept her chamber, receiving her cousin's tender and hospitable attentions with a grateful, deprecating humility. Once only was the conversation of the past evening resumed, and that was when Julia, anxious to discover the real state of the Duchess's feelings, and by the knowledge obtain a hold upon her, said, with well-feigned hesitation,

"Forgive me for asking the question, love; but while you were abroad, did you never hear or see anything of Mr. Conyers?"

"No. How should I? Was he there?"

"No one knows. He suddenly disappeared from Shirley the day before that appointed for my marriage; and although his father hears from him occasionally, neither he nor any one knows where he is."

"But surely they have tried to discover? He may be ill—in sorrow—difficulty—a thousand things," said Beatrice, hastily, her pale face flushing with anxiety, of which the traitress, who sat by, took accurate note, although she answering quietly, "I hope not; because, although I believe now that after our visit to Cliff Castle, and notwithstanding those letters which I showed you, he preferred you to me, I still love him as truly as ever, and could not bear to think of him in grief."

A faint tint of the palest rose color—a passing smile of ineffable happiness, brightened the listener's pallid countenance as Julia spoke; but she said nothing, and the other continued thoughtfully—

"Yes, I am sure now that he loved you, and bitterly repented the duplicity and falsehood by which he lost you."

"Silence! silence!" cried Beatrice, springing up in agony, and wringing her clasped hands. "You are torturing—maddening me! How dare you do it?—how dare you tell this to me now, when it is too late—when the peace of both is destroyed forever, and I am dying of a broken heart, even as he is?"

This interview (which I will pursue no longer) over Beatrice retired to her own room; and when the carriage, in which she had promised to accompany Julia for a drive in the Park, came round, her head ached so intensely that she was fain to send an apology, and request her guest would take her airing alone.

* * * * * * *

Late upon the afternoon of the second day after the events I have related, the Duchess of Carlisle and her guest sat in the rooms where we have before seen them.

The day was oppressively warm, and Julia, whose policy it was to play the tender, affectionate guardian, had been reading to her cousin, whose couch was drawn near to the balconied windows looking out on the Park, when the door was gently opened, and to Beatrice's inexpressible consternation, Colonel Gresham was ushered in.

"Ah, dear lady," said he, advancing with an assured smile, and attempting to replace her on the couch from which she had risen—"this position belies your charming looks, I fear, and says that you, too, are suffering from the heat."

"Yes, like every one else," replied the Duchess, awkwardly, for she was distressed by his appearance, and was not even yet sufficient woman of the world to conceal it—"no more or less. But how is it we see you here? I thought you were in Paris. But let me introduce you to my cousin."

Gresham bent low as Beatrice named Miss Shirley, then fixed a penetrating gaze upon his new acquaintance, who returned the look with interest.

Each was taking mental note of the other, and this was the result.

"She is clever, designing, unscrupulous, but shallow," thought the one.

"He is crafty, treacherous and cruel—a good slave, but a bad master," thought the other.

"We must be allies, and work into each other's hands," decided both.

For some time after the introduction, the trio thus unfortunately brought together, conversed desultorily upon all such topics as idlers use to while away their precious time with. London, the weather, the new opera, the favorite song, the newest color; then, when all were spent, Gresham bent forward to take the book Julia had been reading as he entered, and opening it, exclaimed,

"So you are studying this, too. Go where one will, everybody has read or is reading it. How do you like it?"

"Exceedingly."

"So all people say. But what a queer name—'Truth and Falsehood.' What is it about—a love story, of course."

"Yes, and a sad one. An illustration of Shakspeare's axiom, that 'the course of true love,' &c."

"A profound and original idea."

"Nay, I cannot have you laugh at it," said Beatrice. "Sorrow should be sacred even in a novel, especially when it is dignified by virtue, and its tale told with all the fire and grace of genius, as it is here. How I should like to know the author!"

"You are not singular in the wish. The whole fashionable world is equally desirous of the honor, but as yet, I believe, even her name is a secret."

"*Her* name? Why do you say *her*?"

"Surely you do not doubt the writer being a woman, or believe that a man could have penned the book?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, because there are some parts so—so—What shall I call them?—gentle, tender, unselfish, that no man on earth could have conceived them," said Julia.

"Oh, I do not say that," replied Beatrice; "for I believe that men are quite as capable of real, genuine tenderness and unselfishness as we are; but I doubt the book being written by a woman, because I think that no woman could have made her heroine act towards her lover as Irene does. But really, Colonel, have you, who know everything and everybody, no idea of who this mysterious author is?"

"Not the least. There have been all sorts of conjectures, of course, but none of them to be relied upon."

"Mrs. Russell Stanhope!" cried a voice; and through the widely opened door the wife of the popular Minister glided in.

A few gay words of greeting—for Julia had already been presented to her, and she had long known Gresham—and Ada said,

"I claim your congratulations, my dear Beatrice."

"Indeed! I shall be only too happy to offer them, when you tell me why they are asked. But what fresh instance of good fortune has befallen you, dear aunt?"

"Oh, one of the greatest you can imagine. But before I enlighten you, you must promise to come to me on Wednesday."

"We shall be most happy—that is, of course, if this weather permits. On such a day as to-day I should not dare to venture anywhere."

"Oh, I can take no excuses; nor would you think of making any, if you knew the attraction I have secured."

"Why, what is it? Some new lion of greater stature than ordinary?"

"Just so; the one whom, above all the rest of the world's wonders, you and everybody else is most anxious to see—the author of 'Truth and Falsehood.'"

"Oh, it *is* a man, then! I am so glad!"

"Why," and the lady laughed—"did you think it was a woman?"

"Oh, no—I was sure it could not be; although I was in the minority on the discussion when you came in—Julia and Colonel Gresham declaring that the book was certainly the work of a lady's pen."

"They were wrong, then; although it is some consolation to know that they share the error with half London. But I shall say nothing more for the present! Remember Wednesday."

With real anxiety—for the book had taken a strange hold on her fancy—Beatrice waited until the much wished-for day which should introduce her to its author arrived. Then with her guests—for the Duke had insisted upon his cousin taking up his quarters in Park Lane—my heroine drove to her aunt's splendid mansion, before which, on such nights as these, carriages stood three deep half-way up and down the street.

With a sigh of hate and envy at the proud position held by this nearest relative of her doomed, unsuspecting victim, Julia followed the Duchess up the magnificent staircase into the noble reception-rooms, where, to her intense chagrin, she was a witness to the looks and buzz of admiration which greeted her entrance.

Quietly and gracefully, however, as if unconscious of her attractions, Beatrice, leaning upon Colonel Gresham's arm, made her way up to her aunt; and finding her rather less surrounded than usual, made her presence known, and held back a little from the crowd until Mrs. Stanhope, advancing eagerly to a new arrival, turned quickly round, after an instant's conversation, and going with him up to her niece, said,

"This is the gentleman of whom I spoke to you, love, and with whose wonderful work we are all so much delighted. Suffer me to make you known to each other. The author of 'Truth and Falsehood,' the Duchess of Carlisle."

Beatrice looked up. In an instant every trace of color fled from her countenance; her very lips grew white, her limbs trembled, her eyes opened wide and fixed themselves upon this figure before her; for in it—in the person of the great celebrity—the famous author, about whom all the world was wild—she recognized her first and unforgotten love, *George Conyers!*

Yes, the meeting had come at last. The lost and the betrayed stood once more face to face—not as they had done last, beneath the calm and holy moonlight, the solemn trees standing sentinels around, and not a shadow save their own wills dividing them, but under the remorseless blaze of innumerable lamps, with a hundred lookers-on noting every glance and movement, and a barrier impassable, save only by death, between them.

For nearly a minute George and Beatrice stood thus; then he, feeling how many eyes were upon them, and how dangerously the Duchess's emotion might be interpreted, advanced, and said coldly, more as answer to Mrs. Stanhope than as speaking to her niece,

"You do me too much honor."

The icy tone aroused, as the speaker had intended it should, all the listener's pride; and making a violent effort, she replied,

"Nay, sir, it is you who do us honor. You have taught your country women a valuable lesson."

"Indeed! I am proud to know that your Grace thinks me capable of teaching. I had not dared to assume so much—I, who am myself but a learner yet."

Spite of himself, there was an emphasis in Conyers' words, a glance in his eye which stung Beatrice keenly; and she answered hastily,

"A learner! You wrong yourself, sir. In one, at least, of the qualities your book treats of, I should have thought you an adept."

"Oh, if you are going to be critical, my dear, I must leave you," said Mrs. Stanhope. "But first, as you are in such a literary mood to-night, I will show you and Mr. Conyers something in my room which will interest you—a little book, written by a deaf, dumb, and blind orphan. The subscription list is open, too, so I must have your names for ten copies each."

And wholly unconscious of the awkwardness of her proposal, Ada talked her way into the well-remembered boudoir; and after expatiating a little while on the merits of her *protege*, and procuring the signatures desired, she went back to the rooms she had left.

Meanwhile two persons had witnessed this meeting; and when George and Beatrice, following Mrs. Stanhope, had passed out of sight, the eyes of these two met.

A lightning look, that like a flame from Heaven darted into the grim recess of an abyss, reveals in an instant every loathsome nook and cranny there—so that sudden glance, rapid and true as electric fire, showed to each party the hidden secret of the other's soul. And then Colonel Gresham came over to her whom that glance had made his confederate, and said abruptly,

"Who is that man?"

"A former lover of the Duchess."

"I thought so! Now I must have your help."

"For what purpose?"

"The ensuring of success to your plans and mine. This place, however, is too public to allow such matters to be talked of safely. Let me lead you to the conservatory; that is sure to be deserted. Now, then," said he, when he had placed her on a piece of rock beside the little lake, and established himself near her,—"now, then, will you explain to me all you know of this affair?"

"You have seen all that I have."

"To night—yes. But the antecedents—I must know them. You were intimate with your cousin before she was married, were you not?"

"Yes; she was a visitor at my father's."

"You know this lover, then?"

"Yes." And notwithstanding all her efforts, a bright glow crimsoned her face, throat, and arms.

The man of the world saw and understood the blush, and bending down, he looked keenly in her face, saying slowly,

"I understand. He was your lover, too. Good! I see now the motive for your hate. Both have wronged you. You would have vengeance. You shall!"

"How?"

"Help me to convince the Duke of her insincerity, and the consequences will be all you could wish. The task will not be difficult, for from the first day of their marriage he has been jealous of her. And now tell me who and what is this lover?"

With hueless cheek and bated breath, Julia obeyed; telling all—all, at least, that she chose to tell—all that inculpated Beatrice, and made her herself appear the victim of most cruel treachery; but of the forged letters she said not a word, of course. Then, when the garbled tale was ended, and Gresham and Julia had conversed for some time longer, they left the conservatory, and, going back into the still crowded rooms, mingled gaily with the throng.

Beatrice was already there, waiting for them. Her manner was hurried and nervous, and a deep, hectic spot burned intensely on each cheek, and her large eyes flashed like stars.

"I have been looking for you everywhere," she said, almost angrily, as her companion came up. "Where have you been?"

"Only in the conservatory. I had not seen it before."

"It is very late, and I am tired. Shall we go?"

"Oh, yes, I am quite ready!" answered Julia, glancing anxiously round in search of George.

But he was nowhere to be seen; and whither he had gone, or what had passed between the hapless pair whom her treachery had parted, she did not know. Beatrice was already hurrying away to seek her aunt, and bid her farewell.

"Good bye, darling!" said Mrs. Stanhope, drawing her apart into the old boudoir, and kissing her tenderly. "How tired and flushed you look! I hope this has not been too much for you. I hope you are not ill?"

"Oh, no—not at all! It is only the result of a little over-excitement. I shall be quite well to-morrow."

"Indeed, I hope so! I shall send early to learn. But stay one moment and tell me how you liked my lion?"

"Oh, I am really too tired to say, dear aunt!" and once more embracing her hostess, Beatrice placed her arm within that of Colonel Gresham, the other being taken by Julia, and went down to her carriage.

It was on the morning of the fourth day after the party, while Gresham was sitting with the cousins, reading some newspaper gossip, an imperative message from the Duke, summoning him to the library, reached him. A close observer might have seen the slightest possible shade come over his face as he listened; but he affected to lounge out of the boudoir, until the instant its door was closed, when his natural demeanor was resumed as he hastened to join the Duke.

He found him standing in the centre of the library, his eyes fixed eagerly on the door, his hand resting heavily on the table, while his bent figure leaned forward impatiently.

"Oh, you are come at last!" he cried, vehemently. "Now here—come here! Do you know this writing?" And he put an envelope into his hands.

"Certainly not!" replied the other, with an expression of surprise after examining it; and for once speaking the truth, for he did *not* know it.

"Then you never saw those characters before?"

"No, to the best of my belief, I never did. But whose are they? Do not you know?"

"No, but by heaven I soon will! It is not the first time *I* have seen them!"

"Indeed! It is strange, then, that you do not know them. They address a letter to you."

"Ay, and write it, too! Open and read it!"

The Colonel obeyed. In the centre of a large sheet of blue letter paper were written, in a bold, masculine hand, these words, and nothing more:

"The person whom you must trust is false! Look to it!"

With a strange sensation at his heart, Gresham read the words, and turned the paper over and over again—held it against the light—examined the water mark, the edges, the envelope, but not a sign, or scratch, or token was there to guide him to the writer.

His first idea, of course, was that it was Julia; but a closer inspection of the calligraphy convinced him that this impression was wrong, and that it was a man's hand.

But if so, what third person was party to the horrible plot in which he himself and Julia had believed themselves the sole movers?—The doubt sent an arrowy pang through him. With whom was he working? Who was this unknown confederate, *or subagonist*, who might, instead of aiding him in his plot, be at this moment working a counter mine, ready to blow him to ruins in its ashes?

"Well," said Carlisle, at last, after watching him narrowly, "what do you make of it?"

"Nothing," replied the soldier, starting—"It is very strange! Have you no suspicion? You have seen the writing before, you say?"

"Four times."

"When?"

"Once before I was married, once on the morning of my marriage, and twice since."

"And was every letter—if letters they were—equally mysterious?"

"No." And the Duke swore a fearful oath as he thrust back a chair from his side and walked to the window. "No; they were explicit enough."

"Then you know against whom you are warned?"

"Of course I do, and so do you."

"My dear fellow—"

"Bah, bah! Don't try to humbug me!—That letter is true, and you know it."

"I know nothing."

"You suspect, then."

"What? My good cousin, you are mad!"

"You are making me so. Look you Richard. I am not a man of mild and placid temper, who can reason coldly while his blood's a flame. These letters, and your curt words, strange looks and manners, are setting my brain on fire, and I shall not long be able to answer for myself. If you are wise, therefore, be honest and tell me how to act."

"Show the letter to your wife—that is, if you are certain it refers to her."

"Of course it does. Who else can it refer to?"

"Then she has a right to see it, and—But really you ought not to ask me for advice; it's a delicate affair, and I'd rather not interfere."

"But you must—you *shall!*" said Carlisle, sternly. "You have said too much or too little! If you know anything which I ought to know, anything which justifies this warning, speak!"

"I have told you before that I *know* nothing; and I protest against the injustice to all parties of making me repeat what may be the merest idle gossip, and have less foundation than a dream."

"Oh, there *has* been gossip, then, has there, about my wife?" said the peer, between his closed teeth.

"And what then? Your wife is not the first woman whom lying tongues have chattered about, and whose acts have been absurdly misrepresented and magnified."

"What acts? Speak plainly, man. What acts?"

"I don't know; none at all, very likely.—But, in any case, do remember how young she is, little more than a child—how very lovely and inexperienced; and that if she has not been quite as wise and thoughtful as she might have been, you, who separated her from her first love, and won her by the glitter of your greater rank, ought to be the last to judge her hardly."

"I separated her from her first love? *I?*"

"Yes. As gallant a young fellow as ever laid siege to a woman's heart."

"You have seen—you know him, then?" gasped the Duke, pressing his hand across his brow.

"Of course. We met him at Mrs. Russell Stanhope's last Wednesday. But perhaps she may not, until *then*, have met him since—"

"Met him since!—since when?" cried Carlisle, fiercely.

"Since she was married. But, for heaven's sake, be calm. If one part of the tale is a lie, so is it all. And yet—"

"What?"

"Do not ask me—do not ask me!"

"If I can bear to ask, you surely can bear to answer. What is the tale men tell of my wife?"

"Nay——Well, if you will have it so, it is said that she is scarcely as——But I will not repeat it! You have no right to expect it! The tale is all a lie!"

"Indeed!" answered the Duke, with a terrible smile. "I think you said she met the man at Russell Stanhope's. Were they alone?"

"They went into the boudoir—the little room—"

"Ah! I know it!" And the speaker ground his teeth. "But now—now—tell me. What more else am I to hear?"

"Nothing—nothing of any consequence. But I had better tell you, perhaps, or you will fancy it is something worse. It is said, among other silly tales, that the Duchess, when Miss Lyle, spent a day or two with this unlucky fellow at some castle or other on the coast, and that to this day she bears the trace of her visit on her right arm."

"What? what?"

"Oh! a mark, a seal, a love knot, or some nonsense of that kind."

"Impossible! I have never seen it!"

"Very likely not. Most likely there is no such thing. But that you can easily ascertain; and finding that false, you may be pretty sure all the rest is equally so."

"I will soon set all doubts at rest. I will go to her instantly."

"No, no! indeed you must not. She is ill to-day, and you are in no mood to speak gently, tenderly, as she requires. Come out with me—let us go down to Richmond, and to-morrow, if she is better and you are calmer, then speak."

* * * * *

On the day following this conversation his Grace of Carlisle entered his wife's dressing-room late in the afternoon.

She was alone, sitting beside a little work-table, arranging some tiny articles of dress, exquisitely embroidered by herself, upon it.

The Duke's eye blazed as he observed her occupation, but he controlled himself with a great effort, and, taking a seat opposite her, so that he might watch her countenance, inquired after her health.

"Better—much better!" was the frank reply; for Beatrice's honest nature was above the littleness of trading for sympathy upon her weakness. "The heat is far less oppressive than it was yesterday, and I am much stronger. I hope you had a pleasant day at Richmond. The river must look very lovely."

"Yes, I suppose it does; but I was in no humor to see it, or anything else."

"I am sorry for that. I fear you are ill—indeed, you look so now. Have you a headache? Can I get anything for you?"

"No, thank you; it is not my head that aches, only my heart."

The tones of her husband's voice, even more than his words, made Beatrice start and tremble; then she said, timidly, "Has anything vexed you?"

"No, not much; only some news that I have heard. I am a ruined man."

"Lionel!"

"Ay, it is true—ruined heart and honor; a bankrupt in fame; deceived where most I trusted, and become a scoff and derision to the world!"

"Impossible! That you can never be!"

"I am, and by your means."

"Mine? Oh, heaven, how? What do you mean? You frighten me."

"Do I? And yet you must have expected this—have known that it would not be hidden forever."

"What?—what hidden?"

"Your treachery. They say you are a false wife, Beatrice."

"Impossible! I defy the whole world to prove me false! Who are my accusers?"

"The world you challenge."

"I deny it. I do not believe the earth contains more than two persons so utterly base and truthless as to bring so foul a charge against me."

"And these two exceptions—who are they? Your confidants?"

"Your question is an insult. I have no confidants. Oh, Lionel! you know I am innocent!"

"Would that I could believe it!"

"You may—you may! I never wilfully told an untruth—I never will!"

"I will try you, then. You had a lover before you knew me?"

"I had; was it a crime? Other young girls have many ere they choose a husband."

"Possibly; but, for the honor of their sex, I trust few do as you did; for did you not love this—this man at the very time you accepted me?"

"It is a cruel question, but you have a right to ask it. Do not hate me for what I must say, but be generous and believe me. I did love him then, but I did not know it; I thought every feeling but the coldest friendship had utterly died out. I believed him to be the husband of another, and I trusted, as you yourself bade me do, that if I did not love you then, I should do so hereafter; and, in that faith and belief, I accepted you. Was that wrong? Did you not over and over again tell me love would come?"

"I did, relying that your heart was free. Had I known or guessed otherwise, do you suppose that, had I loved you as my very soul, I could have married you?"

"No, perhaps not. I ought—I see now that I ought to have told you; but it was a painful subject, and you never sought my confidence. If, unhappily, I did wrongly at first, in not telling you frankly all that had gone before, the error ended there, and ever since I have striven to do my duty to the utmost."

"Ah! You boast of your wifely duty since your marriage! tell me how you reconcile clandestine meetings with your own duty to me."

"Meetings!—clandestine meetings! I do not understand you! Meetings with whom?"

"This secret lover!"

"It is false!—I have never met him! I have seen him but once, and then only for a few minutes."

"Ah! you acknowledge it?"

"Certainly; why should I deny it? We met by accident in my aunt's drawing-room last Wednesday evening—"

"For the first time?"

"Yes, for the first time. Oh! Lionel, what madness possesses you, that you will not believe me? What have I done that you should doubt me so cruelly? Before heaven, in the name of all I love and fear, I am innocent!"

The Duke looked down upon her face; the soul that spoke there was surely true, if ever woman's was, and he said: "I would believe you if I could; and if you can answer my next and last question satisfactorily, the past shall be forgotten, I will receive your explanation as the truth, and we will begin life again, from this hour, with fresh hope and confidence."

"Oh! thank you!—thank you! Tell me the question quickly, that I may answer and be at rest. What is it?"

Her husband bent a little forward, and lightly drew back the loose hanging sleeve of her robe to the shoulder, exposing fully to view the dark, cicatrized wound which had been made there in the smuggler's cave; then replied, pointing to the mark. "There!—what brings that here?—what is that?"

With a cry of despair, a universal shuddering from head to foot, Beatrice drew away from him and stood alone, her face hidden in her hands. He had asked the only thing she was unable to answer; and feeling it, and knowing the inference that would be drawn from her silence, she knew that her cause was ruined. A terrible silence—the hard, labored breathing of both being the only sound—then he repeated his inquiry. "What is that?"

"Do not ask," she murmured, in so low a voice that he could scarcely hear her. "I cannot tell you."

"I thought not! So, then, you abandon your plea of innocence at last, and have loaded your soul with perjury for nothing! False, miserable wanton!" he cried, self-contempt for his late softening towards her adding tenfold to his fury—"traitress alike to me and to your country—for too well I recognize in that infamous brand the cypher of a secret foreign political society, is there any crime of which you have not been guilty?"

"Oh, mercy—have mercy!" cried the wretched girl. "I cannot answer your question, but do not condemn me. I am innocent, however seemingly guilty. This mark belongs to no political society, but to—"

"Well? Why do you not go on—to what?" exclaimed Carlisle, enraged at her perserving denial.

"I cannot—I dare not tell you!"

"Oh, you are scrupulous on a sudden, and like not to confess your shame!"

"I am conscious of none; but I have

sworn to preserve the secret of this mark inviolate, and not to save my life, or that which is dearer to me than my life, my reputation, will I break the oath?"

"As you will. Refuse to answer, to clear up this shameful mystery, and all is at an end between us. I cast you forth, at once and forever!"

At this crisis a knock was heard upon the door, and Therese's voice asking admittance, while at the same time the sound of the first dressing-bell echoed through the house.

"Confound the chattering idiot! let her in. I have no time for deliberation now—so for this night we must wear a mask; you know well how to do so!"

And, flinging her roughly away, he quitted the chamber by one door while Therese entered by another.

"Oh!" she cried, fluttering up to her mistress, "what is de mattare?—dear, dear ladi, what has happen?"

But Beatrice made no immediate reply; only her eyes sank, and her bosom heaved painfully. Then, with an almost superhuman effort, she said,

"I am better now, only I cannot talk. Dress me, and let me go—the excitement will rouse and keep me up."

And so in sooth it seemed to do; for although, in order to preserve sensibility, she drank glass after glass of iced water, and held her fingers in the same the whole time she was under her attendant's hands, Beatrice rose at last, strangely composed and strengthened, and went down into the drawing room almost as calmly as usual.

There she found her guests assembled, her aunt and Miss Shirley doing the honors of the house to them, while the Duke stood beside an old dowager's chair, trying to make conversation, and to seem at ease.

Gently as a shadow, and almost as unseen, Beatrice glided to the sofa, where Mrs. Stanhope sat surrounded by the *elite* of the party, and in an instant a dozen hands were outstretched to greet, a dozen voices lifted to bid her welcome.

"And now, dearest," said the Minister's wife, when all this was over, "I have to ask your indulgence for a great liberty that I have taken with your dinner-table. I don't know how you will forgive me; but remembering what a good little thing you are, I have ventured to bring these kind friends with me, Lord Halcome—who is engaged to Adela, and Mr. Conyers."

"Who?" cried the Duchess, starting violently, every trace of color even from her lips deserting them, and leaving her ghastly and corpse-like as the unburied dead. "Who?"

"Lord Halcome, and Mr. Conyers, the great lion of the day: he whom you met the other night at my house. Surely you have not forgotten him?"

"No, no! But oh, aunt, why did you bring him here?"

The speaker's voice was hoarse and strange with the dismay and anguish of her heart, and Mrs. Stanhope, utterly unable to comprehend it, or why such a very common occurrence as the introduction of an additional guest, and that guest a man whom all London was wild to have, should so affect her niece, was about to reply, when somebody came up to the hostess to pay his compliments, and the opportunity was lost.

Meanwhile, in another part of the room, another heart was wrung and panic-stricken.

For the first time since the party had assembled, Carlisle and Gresham met; and the former, accidentally turning towards the spot where Conyers stood, half hidden by the window drapery, his eyes fixed sadly on the Duchess, said to his cousin,

"That friend of Mrs. Stanhope's seems as conceited as the rest of his class. See how he sentimentalizes there, gazing on my wife as if he were Petrarch, and she Laura."

"Why, don't you know?—is it possible you are ignorant that he is the man of whom we spoke yesterday?"

"Ha!"

"Hush, hush! Do not speak so loud—you will attract attention. I would not have told you, but that I supposed, of course, you knew. But now command yourself, and watch. Be careful, though—your wife looks fearfully ill; and a scene just now might be dangerous to her, and would set all London chattering. Be careful."

And the traitor moved away to offer his arm to Lady Emmeline Grantley, as escort to the dining-room, murmuring in a low but perfectly distinct voice, as he passed Conyers on the landing, "Beware!"

The tones were strange to George, and the warning, instead of being useful, only unsettled and alarmed him—*as it had been meant to do*—causing his manner to appear constrained and preoccupied.

Half a dozen times during the short period he had already passed under his rival's roof, Mr. Conyers had determined to leave it; but the certainty that such a step would only cause remarks and wonder, decided him to remain, although the site of the mute agony in Beatrice's face unnerved and nearly maddened him.

Strange as it may seem, it was not until introduced to the Duke, that George had any idea of where he was going. Mrs. Stanhope, who had been very kind to him, had asked, and made a point of his accompanying her party to her niece's; and thoroughly indifferent to everything, he had promised to do so without even inquiring who the niece was. His consternation, therefore, when he found himself a guest at Carlisle House may be more easily imagined than described; and over and over again he would have left it, as I have said, but the fear of exciting that gossip which all men dread, and which he feared might annoy—he never dreamed it could injure—Beatrice.

So, miserably, but calmly, he sat out that wretched dinner, his eye seldom lifted from his plate, for he dared not glance towards the vase, suffering countenance that, imprinted on his memory in the drawing room, still haunted him like a ghost; and speaking as little as his neighbors would permit, he endured the trial patiently, until at last the ladies left the room, and such of the men as chose were free to depart. George Conyers accordingly left the mansion, and turned towards the Park; but, in the course of the evening, he found he had forgotten a small book, which he had promised to Mrs. Stanhope, and had left upon a table in the house he had just quitted, and so, although inexpressibly annoyed at his carelessness, he was obliged to return.

The rooms were deserted, only one or two guests remaining about until their carriages came; and Mr. Conyers went up, unchallenged and unnoticed, to the drawing-room. Nowhere, however, could he discover the object of his search; and having looked in vain through the principal rooms, he opened the door of an adjoining library, and there before him, her face covered with her hands, her hard breathing coming deep and fast, her attitude one of intense grief, sat Beatrice.

His first impulse was to retreat; the next to rush to her feet, avow all the burning love and pity that consumed him, and comfort her if it were possible. The next, and that upon which he acted, was a compromise between both.

He closed the door, advanced into the room, and then, when a few steps from her, uttered her name in the low, rich tones she knew so well.

"Lady Carlisle," he said, "I—"

But ere he could speak again Beatrice sprang up with a sharp cry, exclaiming wildly,

"You here? Oh, go—go, for heaven's sake! What madness brings you here?"

"I returned in search of a book, mislaid when I first entered the house, which if I had known to be yours, should have seen me dead at its threshold ere foot of mine had crossed it!"

"You came ignorantly, then?—you came not to spy upon or to insult me? Oh, thank heaven! thank heaven!"

"For what? Ah, surely you did not think me base enough to find satisfaction in seeing that the lot you have chosen, and by which the happiness of my whole life has been destroyed, is a sad one? No, madam! Grief and sorrow have done much to alter me, but have not yet, I trust, made me so utterly despicable."

"Grief and sorrow!" repeated Beatrice. "Have you, too, been miserable?"

"Does that surprise you?" he answered, with a proud, hurt smile; "or have you so contemptible an opinion of me, as to believe that all I professed at Shirley was false?"

"Alas! alas! I know it was!"

"Who dared to say so?"

"One who knew it—proved it!"

"How? What did he or she say?"

"That you were engaged to my cousin, even at the very time you made those professions to me."

"And you believed it?"

"How could I do otherwise? It was proved to me."

"Impossible!—for it was false! I never was engaged to Miss Shirley—never spoke one word of love to her in my life."

"No?" And Beatrice turned suddenly and quickly towards him. "Then who wrote those letters?"

"What letters?"

"Those that were shown to me, signed by your name, and speaking of me in such—"

She paused; she could not go on.

"If any such were shown to you, they were forgeries, for I never wrote a love letter to any woman in my life—was never engaged to one, and never spoke of you, even after your cruel scorn, but in terms of the greatest respect."

"My cruel scorn? Oh, heaven, what does you mean? I never scorned you!"

"You have forgotten your letter."

"No, indeed! I remember it too well; but there was no scorn there—only sorrow, that you, whom I had so trusted, should have so deceived me."

"But I did not. I swear it!"

"Nay, I have the proof here." And rushing to her desk, she unlocked it, and taking from a secret drawer the pink-hued note she had brought from Shirley, she held it towards him, exclaiming, "Read—read! Oh, do not make me think you coward as well as traitor or deny the words you had the cruelty to write!"

"I never wrote them!" cried George, glancing rapidly over the paper. "Not one line of this was ever penned by me; and, so far as I know, I never saw this paper before. Nay, if you doubt me, see!" And he snatched a pen and wrote hurriedly upon the open leaf of a book. "This is my hand. Compare the two."

She did so, quivering from head to foot; then, when her swimming eyes had taken in the truth, she covered them with a faint cry, and whispered,

"Forgive me—forgive me! I did you wrong!"

For a minute or two neither spoke; then, taking a small case from his bosom, George said in a broken voice, while offering her a letter,

"Have we both been deceived? Is this yours?"

She took it slowly, scarcely conscious of what she did; but her first look at the address was sufficient to arouse her thoroughly; and then, turning the envelope hastily, she scrutinized the seal.

It was not hers.

Here—how well she remembered it—was an impression from her motto ring—its unforgotten motto, "Treu und Fest." And this was a common device, with an English lovesentence engraven round it.

A dagger at her heart would have appalled the girl less than this fearful treachery; and her lips were rigid, her eyes wild, as, returning the letter, she articulated slowly, "No, this is not mine—not one word of it."

The bitter wrath which at this terrible assertion would have burst like a lava torrent from George Conyers's lips, was frozen on them by a look at Beatrice.

White, cold, and moveless as the dead, she stood, for the second time that day, not speaking, not looking, only staring and breathing hard, as if her senses were forsaking her. Alarmed beyond expression, fearing he knew not what of horror, George remained silent for some time watching her; then he spoke, and his voice, touching some hidden spring, caused her to tremble piteously, but she did not answer. A while longer he was silent, his heart almost breaking; but seeing that she relaxed not a feature or muscle, he went forward, and taking her hand, said, tenderly,

"Dear Lady Carlisle, compose yourself! This emotion will make you ill! Sit down, I entreat you!"

Again she shuddered; but yielding her hand, she suffered him to replace her upon the sofa, while he stood by, in misery unutterable. In a few moments she looked wistfully up into his face, saying, with almost childlike innocence,

"I am happier than I was. Now go!"

He paused a second, then tried to answer her, his passionate, beseeching eyes gazing in hers; but ere he could speak, a hand seized and hurled him violently against the floor.

With a cry of horror Beatrice exclaimed,

"Oh, mercy, mercy, Lionel. Do not misjudge me!"

"Silence, base wanton, lest I strike you to the earth!"

"No, no! listen to me!"

"Begone, I say—begone! And as for this false guest—"

"He is none—by all my hopes of Heaven, he is none! Ask him!"

"Ask him!" repeated the Duke, with flashing eyes and bitter emphasis. "Ah, when his breath is panting beneath my sword, and he has just life enough left to sink his soul to perdition with a lie!"

"I am no liar, Duke!" thundered a stern voice beside him. "And for your wife, no angel is more innocent than she is!"

"He were a poor gallant who would not say or swear as much."

"But it is true!" cried Beatrice, falling upon her knees, and raising her clasped hands and wildly pleading eyes to her husband—"it is true! And guilty as I own you have a right now to think me, I am innocent!"

But Carlisle, blinded, maddened by his fury, pushed her, with a loud, coarse oath, violently away. It needed no second touch to free himself from her feeble hold. One half second, one low wail, and Beatrice fell to the floor.

Then, when her husband, still unconscious of the truth, would have spurned her as a hypocrite, George bounded forward, and thrusting him on one side, held him at bay until Therese rushed in, and with his aid carried the senseless form to a couch. Ere morning the wretched wife was a mother!

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

GREAT SLAUGHTER BY THE ATTACK ON FORT SUMTER.—There now seems to be no doubt that the South Carolinians lost in their attack on Sumter at least three to four hundred men. A discharged soldier has reached New York who served in Fort Moultrie, and he describes the fire of Sumter's guns as rapid and destructive. The balls from Sumter struck the port-holes of Moultrie, and at nearly every discharge somebody was killed. Their places were supplied by others. There were in Moultrie more than one thousand men, and between three and four hundred were kept at the guns constantly. Not more than that number could protect themselves in the casemates of sandbags, which, while they afforded excellent protection, were much torn up and knocked down. It was between nine and ten o'clock on the first day, that the greatest loss of life occurred.

The barbette guns of Sumter were silenced early in the day, and the round shot from these were most destructive to Fort Moultrie, and caused the greatest loss of life. They were fired with great accuracy, and at times the scene in the fort was terrible. *It was the siege between three and four hundred were killed, and a large number were wounded*—and all night long cries were heard in a mass. And at night placed in boxes, brought down from Charleston and taken away to Potter's Field, and interred during the night. Some of the men were horribly mangled, and others were scarcely dead when thrown into the boxes. Blood flowed in streams from these receptacles, and the sight was horrible. The surgeon at the fort sent for help, and others came down from Charleston. The wounded were taken to the hospital, where such as have not since died, now remain. He left Moultrie three days after the engagement, and went to Charleston. The people there would not believe that nobody had been killed, and made constant inquiry for their friends, who, they were assured, were still on Sullivan's Island. Hundreds of families are yet to learn the truth, which is kept from them by the greatest vigilance.

Another man was in the contest, on Morris Island, says that at least one hundred and fifty men were killed and wounded at the batteries on Morris Island, by the cannon of Major Anderson. He had occasion to be at Fort Johnson, who just before he left Charleston, and there he learned that on Sullivan's Island thirty nine men had been killed—that a mortar had been blown from Fort Johnson by a shot from Sumter.

Sergeant Hart, the old soldier who replaced the flag on the staff during the hot bombardment of Fort Sumter, says that before he left Charleston it was admitted they had lost a large number of men.

Capt. David Carson, of the schooner B. D. Pitts, who has arrived in New York from Charleston, lay at the wharf, near Fort Moultrie, during the bombardment. Fortunately, his vessel hailed from a Virginian port, and by uttering secession sentiments he passed without suspicion.

The captain states that on Sunday night *sixty dead bodies were carried across his deck to the land*; that both he and his first mate saw and counted them; that on Monday night *forty dead bodies were carried out at one time, and sixty at another.*

RUMORED MOVEMENT UPON MARYLAND.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, says:—

"It is also decided to approach and occupy Baltimore. The army of occupation will move in four columns; one from Perryville, one from Harrisburg, one from Annapolis, and one from Washington. Of course, no opposition is anticipated, though no possible successful impediment could be placed in their way.

"A decisive military movement may be looked for on the Mississippi below Cairo."

☞ "Hope on, hope ever!" If a big fellow has promised to thrash you, he'll probably do it. Never despair. The small pox is within the reach of every man, even the humblest. Therefore, cheer up!

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

THE BLOCKADE.—Active preparations are being made for the further blockading of Southern ports. Ten vessels of the fleet will, within a week, be at sea. The entire fleet will consist of at least fifty war vessels of various descriptions, accompanied by sufficient steam transports for the accommodation of a land force of at least 20,000 strong, sufficient to make an efficient blockade of every inlet on the southern coast, into which any vessel drawing six feet water might otherwise enter, while it will menace all unprotected points in or near Norfolk, Charleston, Savannah, Pensacola, Mobile, and New Orleans, and give full employment to probably at least 60,000 troops to protect those places. Not a bale of cotton or other cargo, it is said, will be allowed to pass the blockading fleet.

ARMS.—Twenty-five thousand Minie rifles have been purchased in Canada for the U. S. Government, and more can be obtained, it is said.

UNTRUE.—The report that Great Britain and France had tendered men and arms to the United States, is denied by the British Minister. This is a great day for *canards*.

COLT.—Col. Colt, of Hartford, has offered his services to the Governor of Connecticut, to raise a regiment, and has agreed to arm the men with breach-loading rifles at his own expense. These arms, which are of the latest improvement, would sell in the market for $50,000. The regiment is being rapidly raised. Mr. Colt probably wants to show he is "all right on the goose."

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—The French Minister of Foreign Affairs recently said to Mr. Dayton, that the United States need not have any apprehension of a speedy recognition by France of the Southern Confederacy.

HARNEY.—Gen. Harney was released by Gov. Letcher. His loyalty is suspected. It is reported that he has resigned, and Senator Lane, of Kansas, been appointed in his place, and gone west to take charge of the division of the army there. Gen. H., it is said, has pledged himself not to fight against the Government.

ANOTHER REPORT.—Gen. Scott has notified Gov. Letcher, of Virginia, that as soon as the Federal authorities are apprised of any aggressive movement of the confederate or Virginia troops, the United States forces will at once advance upon Richmond and Norfolk. The scouts attached to the army of Gen. Scott are on the alert, and their advices will be the basis upon which the authorities will act.

THE COLORED PEOPLE.—It is reported from Ohio that John Brown, Jr., has several hundreds of colored men in arms and drilling, within a day's journey of the Virginia line. The Chicago Journal professes to have knowledge of other movements of the same character.

THE NEW ENLISTMENT.—Pennsylvania is only asked for *ten* more regiments, making 26 in all. The Governor recommends 16 more regiments for a reserve. The State has twenty three regiments actually in the field.

Mr. Seward has telegraphed to the Governor of New York, that there would be no more troops wanted for three months' service, but that 40,000 more volunteers are to be accepted for three years or during the war, so that the whole number called for by the Government thus far is: Volunteers by proclamation, 75,000; Volunteers for three years' service, 40,000; Regulars for five years' service, 25,000; Seamen ditto, 18,000; being a total of 158,000 men.

CAIRO.—At Cairo, Ill., the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi, a camp is forming of from 10,000 to 15,000. All boats passing are examined.

RENEWED ARMISTICE.—The following official contradiction from the Assistant Secretary of State was received by the chairman of the Union Defence Committee of New York:—

"*Washington, May* 1, 1861.

"SIMEON DRAPER, Chairman:

"There is not a word of truth in any of the newspaper reports of armistices made or proposed. That sort of business ended on the 4th of March last. F. W. SEWARD."

BLOCKADE COMMENCED.—Norfolk is effectually blockaded by a fleet of ten ships of war. So is the whole Chesapeake bay. Fort Monroe commands the entrance of Hampton Roads, its guns effectually blockade the James and Elizabeth rivers, stopping all vessels bound either to or from Richmond, Petersburg, or Norfolk.

WASHINGTON.

The price of provisions is falling again. There are plenty of cattle, beef, fish, and vegetables brought in from Virginia and Maryland.

PRIVATEERING.—It is said that the English and French Ministers have solemnly protested at Montgomery, against the issuing of letters of marque. The impression in diplomatic circles is, that Jefferson Davis will not dare to take the fearful responsibility against the protest of those two powerful nations.

VIGOROUS ACTION EXPECTED.—From semi-official statements it would appear that President Lincoln is determined to prosecute the war with vigor, and the utmost vigor compatible with proper caution. General Scott was always noted for laying his foundations broad and deep, as conducing in the end to the greatest rapidity of action.

PAYING SECESSION OFFICERS.—The amounts found to be due resigned officers from the States which claim to have seceded, will be paid them from the United States funds heretofore sent to or deposited in those States.

The forwarding of troops from the North will continue, until not less than 50,000 are here or on the borders of Maryland and Virginia. This, it is thought, will be enough for this meridian. The Western troops will be kept at the West, where they will have work enough to do.

The arms stored in the Navy Yard here are reported to amount to nearly 60,000 stand, instead of about 3,000, as heretofore supposed.

Later reports from Virginia represent the troops at Richmond, Harper's Ferry, and other points, as not being nearly so numerous as lately reported, and poorly armed and equipped.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—The Government has been officially advised that, at the latest dates, no commissioners from the "Confederate States" had presented themselves at the French Court.

The State Department has instructed the new Minister, Judge Dayton, to explicitly make known to the French Government that there is not now, nor has there been, nor will there be, any or the least idea existing in the Government of suffering a dissolution of the Union to take place in any way whatever.

MARYLAND.

It is said that the *corps d'armee* now collecting under the command of Gen. Patterson, will move in two columns through Maryland; one down the Northern Central and the other the Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad. Each will be ten thousand strong. Another corps of ten thousand will be organized at Annapolis, ready to march upon Baltimore in case of necessity. Fort McHenry is now garrisoned by over twelve hundred men. About a thousand volunteers were thrown into it a few days ago under cover of night.

Judge Bond, of the Criminal Court of Baltimore has delivered a charge to the Grand Jury in which he described in very plain terms the affair of the 19th of April. He told the jury that a body of the United States troops obeying the lawful call of the President were quietly passing through the streets, escorted by the Mayor and police, when they were assailed by a riotous mob, and several of them killed and wounded. The reputation of the city and the dignity of the laws demand, says Judge Bond, that these outrages should be inquired into, and their perpetrators duly punished.

A petition is in circulation in Baltimore asking that the lines of communication be opened, and asserting that U. S. troops, &c., ought to be allowed to pass through the city without molestation.

Passed a resolution against the destruction of the bridges, and appointed a committee to wait upon the President. A military committee also has been appointed, made up of secessionists. A number of Union meetings have been held in Baltimore. The police have prohibited all flags. The U. S. flag is flying at the Custom House, at which and the Post-Office the new officers have taken their places.

Great excitement prevails through the State relative to a Commissioner of Public Safety, composed of Secessionists, by the Legislature. Gov. Hicks, and the Union men are greatly opposed to it. The great Seal of the State is now in Annapolis, and it is said will be thrown into the Chesapeake soon unless it be placed on an ordinance of Secession.—The absence of the Seal is an effectual veto, a power not possessed by the Governors of Maryland.

Gen. Butler, two hundred troops, under General Butler, by order of the Government, have taken possession of the Relay House, twelve miles from Baltimore, at the junction of the Baltimore and Washington branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. These now hold command over both routes, preventing the further use of them by the Company.

A number of the Pennsylvania troops are at Perkton station, on the Northern Central Railway, making their way towards Baltimore. There is also a regiment on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore road, eight miles this side of Havre de Grace.

A large war steamer is anchored off Fort McHenry.

Baltimore is perfectly quiet. The Union spirit is largely in the ascendant.

The "Public Safety" has appointing a Secession Committee to rule the affairs of the city and State, met with no much resistance in the Senate that it was finally recommitted. The Union men consider it as good as lost.

The Union feeling is evidently gaining ground throughout the State.

CUMBERLAND, MD., May 4.—There is great rejoicing here over the defeat of the "Public Safety" bill—manifesting itself in triumphant Union processions and other demonstrations.

HAGERSTOWN, MD., May 4.—At the special election, held in this county to-day, for member of the Legislature, Mr. Ferry, the Union candidate, was elected by a majority of over two hundred votes. The Union men are making a procession, and bonfires are kindled in all the streets.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—It is ascertained that the Committee of the Maryland Legislature, in their interview with the President, this morning, admitted both the right and the power of the Government to bring troops through Baltimore or the State, and to take any measures for the public safety which, in the discretion of the President, might be demanded, either by actual or reasonably apprehended exigencies. They expressed their belief that no immediate effort at secession or forcible resistance of Federal authority would be attempted by the Confederate State authorities, and asked that in this view the State should, as long as possible, be spared the evils of a military occupation, or a mere revengeful chastisement for former transgressions.

The President replied that their suggestions and representations should be duly considered, but that he should now say no more than that the public interest, and not any spirit of revenge, would actuate his measures.

VIRGINIA.

A gentleman holding an official position in Washington communicates the fact that the vote against secession in the secret session of the Virginia Convention was fully 5 to 1, and not 16 as reported. He got his information from a prominent member of the Convention, who dare not make the statement public.

Governor Letcher has issued a proclamation ordering that all private vessels and property recently seized or detained, with the exception of the steamers Jamestown and Yorktown, shall be released and delivered up to their masters or owners.

A committee of gentlemen from Western Virginia have called upon the President, and assured him that their section of the State would remain loyal to the Union, if the people were furnished with arms. The committee claimed to represent the popular sentiment west of the mountains, and brought with them, to enforce their petition, a roll signed by several thousand of the first men of Western Virginia.

The merchants of Wheeling have held a meeting, and resolved to pay no more taxes to the State government while occupying its present unconstitutional position.

NEW JERSEY.

The Governor recommends a loan of $2,000,000, a State tax of $100,000, the purchase of 10,000 stand of arms, of field pieces and munitions of war, and the raising four regiments beside those which the General Government has called for. The bills for these measures will be passed without delay.

The four regiments from New Jersey, in fourteen propellers, passed Philadelphia on the night of the 3rd, bound South.

OHIO.

Governor Dennison has already received an offer of service from more than seventy thousand men. Of this number he may receive thirteen regiments for the General Government, and ten for Ohio, making in all about 23,000. Of those, about two-thirds are already in the field. Two regiments marched at the first call, and are in Pennsylvania. About 8,000 are at Columbus, 4,000 at Cincinnati—and companies continually reporting themselves. The whole body of 23,000 will soon be in camp, and put through an efficient drilling. Capt. McClelland, who has been in the army, in the Crimean war, and in Mexico, is appointed Major-General. The first step of the new General has been to select a new spot for a general Drill Camp. This is on the Miami River and Railroad, seventeen miles north of Cincinnati. It is below the junction of all the railroads East, so that the troops can be transported to or from, with the greatest ease.

COUNCIL OF GOVERNORS.—Cleveland, May 4.—Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania; Gov. Dennison, of Ohio; Gov. Randall, of Wisconsin; Gov. Blair, of Michigan; Gov. Morton, of Indiana, and ex Governor Kearney, of Illinois, were in conference in this city last night. The proceedings are not known. They were serenaded, and addressed the people.

ILLINOIS.

Mr. Douglas made an address to the Illinois Legislature on April 25, urging immediate action in support of the Government. The shortest way to peace now, said Mr. Douglas, is the most stupendous and unanimous preparation for war. The more prompt and energetic the movement, and the more important the numbers, the shorter will be the struggle. His remarks were greeted with vehement applause by the Legislature and spectators.

KENTUCKY.

A regiment of volunteers has been made up in the border counties, and accepted by Secretary Cameron. It is not certain yet whether they will encamp at Camp Dennison or at Harrison. The companies are composed of stalwart men, and will undoubtedly prove very efficient in service.

A Union meeting at Lexington on the 2d was broken up by the secessionists, and a Union man shot, though not seriously injured.

Governor Magoffin still considers Kentucky in the Union, as he has issued a proclamation, ordering the election of Kentucky Representatives to Congress, on the 20th day of June.

TENNESSEE.

It is rumored that an act of secession has passed the Legislature.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The Legislature met on the 1st. A bill calling a Convention was passed unanimously, to assemble on the 20th. No reference of its action is made to the people. The flag of the Southern Confederacy is flying over the Capitol.

MISSOURI.

The arms recently removed from the St. Louis Armory were 21,000 Minie muskets, 500 new rifle carbines, 500 revolvers, 110,000 musket cartridges, to say nothing of the cannon, and a large quantity of miscellaneous accoutrements, leaving 7,000 muskets in the Arsenal to arm the St. Louis volunteers.

Gov. Jackson's message leans towards secession. He says:—

"The President, in calling out troops to subdue the seceded States, has threatened civil war, and his act is unconstitutional and illegal, tending towards a consolidated despotism."

While the Governor evidently justifies the action of the Confederate States in seceding, he does not recommend immediate secession, but says that Missouri's interests, sympathies, &c., are with the slaveholding States (which is rather doubtful); that she has no war, "at this time," to prosecute; but recommends that the State should make "ample preparations" for defence.

It is very evident what Governor Jackson means.

TEXAS.

REPORTED CAPTURE OF U. S. TROOPS.—A telegraphic despatch from New Orleans, dated May 2, says:—Colonel Van Dorn, with eight hundred Texas troops, captured four hundred and fifty United States troops under Major F. Sibley, who were at Indianola, and attempted to escape in two fishing vessels.—Col. Van Dorn pursued them in three small steamers, and shortly after their route seawardly was cut off by a steamer from Galveston, with one hundred and twenty men and three pieces of artillery.

Major Sibley surrendered. He and his officers are on parole, and the arms captured were given to the Texas troops. The private property of the officers and men was excepted. The men will be allowed to join the army, as

FROM CALIFORNIA.—GREAT EARTHQUAKE IN VALPARAISO.—NEW YORK, May 3.—The steamship Northern Light has arrived from Aspinwall, which she left on the 23th ult. She brings 360 passengers and $808,000 in gold.

Valparaiso dates to the 3rd ult. have been received. The town of Mendoza has been destroyed by an earthquake, and 8,000 people killed.

Mendoza is situated on the eastern slope of the Andes, and is the first town met with in the Argentine Confederation, after crossing the Cordilleras from Chile. It was a place of considerable importance, from its location on the frontier, and contained about twelve thousand inhabitants.

For upwards of a hundred years it had not been visited by an earthquake, and the people there lived in comparative safety from this scourge of those regions. Unfortunately, however, on the evening of the 20th of March, about 8.45, a shock was experienced, running from north to south, and at the same time another from south to north, which lasted about five seconds, leaving in ruin every dwelling and public edifice in the place, with the single house being left standing, and destroying upwards of eight thousand of the population.

The accounts of this dreadful affair are terrible; whole families have been swept into eternity in an instant, and the few who have escaped are left homeless, naked and starving. The catastrophe has thrown a gloom over the whole of Chile, as many of the leading families of Santiago who had gone to reside there on account of their politics, have perished. The commercial community of Valparaiso, also are likely to suffer heavy losses, as a large trade was carried on between the two places.

It was reported that San Juan, a town of considerable importance, about thirty leagues from Mendoza, was destroyed, and that the river, leaving its original bed, had completely inundated the place; but this latter town, as well as that reported destroyed of two other towns, requires confirmation.

EX-PRESIDENT FILLMORE has accepted the post of captain of company G, Seventy-fourth New York regiment.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been a fair demand for Flour during the past week, and prices are 12½@25c ₱ bbl better, with sales of 4000 bbls to note at ₱5,37½@5,62½ for common mixed Western and good Penna superfine, which is now comparatively scarce at the latter figures; $5,62½ up to ₱ bbl for Extra and fancy brands; Rye Flour has been steady but dull, and only 300 bbls found buyers at $5,50 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, and the last sales of Penna Meal were at $3,75 ₱ bbl. The receipts, however, are light, and the market firm.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat having fallen off, about 38,000 bus sold, mostly fair to prime Penna reds, at $1,25@1,26, closing at $1,25, afloat, and white at from $1,38 to $1,47, including 6000 bus Kentucky on terms kept private; choice lots of the latter are scarce and wanted, and quoted at $1,45@1,60. Rye has been selling in lots as wanted at 68c for Penna. Corn is better, and quite active, with sales of 40,000 bus, mostly prime Southern yellow, at from 58@59c in lots as in store and afloat, closing at our highest figures for dry lots. Some inferior, which is very unsalable, sold, included in the above, at 56@60c, and white at 64@65c, in quality. Oats are also better, and about 20,000 bus were disposed of at 32½@36c for Southern, the latter for prime Delaware, afloat, and 33½@35c for Penna, in store and afloat. The closing sales was at 33½@34c for Penna, afloat. Barley is dull, the season being over, and small sales are reported at 60c. Of Mill Feed we note a sale at $16½ ₱ ton.

PROVISIONS—Some of the packers are busy filling contracts previously reported, but the demand for most kinds has fallen off, and barreled meats sell slowly at $19@19,50 for Mess Pork, and $15 ₱ bbl for city Mess Beef. Bacon is nominally unchanged, but Ham at 11@12½c; Sides 10c, and Shoulders at 8c, with limited sales. Of Green Meats the sales have also been light at 9@9½c for Hams in salt, and 9c@9¼c for Sides in salt, and 6½@6¾c for Shoulders, usual terms. Lard is held at 10c@10¼c for tierces and barrels, and 11@11½c for kegs, but we hear of no sales. Butter is dull at 12@16c for roll, and 9@9½c for packed. Cheese, no change. Eggs are lower and quoted at 8@10c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market has been pretty much at a stand still. The sales only reaching some 300 bales, part to go out of the market, at from 11½ to 14½@15c for Uplands and Gulfs, cash and 4 months.

ASHES—Both kinds are steady, and a small business doing in the way of sales.

BARK—There is very little Quercitron arriving, and all offered, some 70 hhds, have been taken at $36,50 ₱ ton for 1st No 1, at which rate it is wanted.

BEESWAX—There is very little offering, and good yellow is wanted at 32c ₱ lb.

COAL meets with a fair demand to go East, at about previous quoted rates. Vessels are getting scarce.

COFFEE is arriving more freely, and the demand is less active, and prices favor the buyers. Sales include about 3000 bags, mostly Rio, within the range of 10½@11c for low grade and prime quality, and some small lots of Laguayra, on private contract, at 14½@15c, all on the usual terms.

COPPER is dull and neglected, and we hear of but little doing, in either Sheathing or Yellow Metal.

FRUIT is selling slowly at previous quotations.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being pretty nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers, who are doing very little.

HOPS—The sales continue light, prices ranging at 18@23c for new crop Eastern and Western. Old Hops are very dull.

IRON continues dull and neglected, and no new contracts for Pig metal have been made public to quote by, which are nominally $30@21 for No 2, and $21@22 for No 1 Anthracite, on time, and a small business doing from store at those rates. Of Scotch Pig we hear of no sales. Manufactured Iron the prices are about the same.

LEAD—Galena is offered at $5,50 the 100 lbs, cash, without finding buyers.

LUMBER—Trade is extremely dull; White Pine Boards range at $12½@17, Yellow Sap do at $12@13, and Hemlock Raft Lumber at $6@7 ₱ M. Laths and Shingles are steady, and the stock of Southern Shingles is nearly closed out.

MOLASSES continues dull, with sales of Cuba in lots, at 18c@21c, as to quality. 107 hhds Trinidad Molasses sold at 16½@19c, 4 mos; 10 do Cardenas at 16c, cash.

PLASTER—There is very little offering or selling, and we quote Soft at $2,75@3 ₱ ton.

POTATOES—The receipts are large, and the season being advanced, prices are declining; sales of mixed and common kinds at 50@60c; good Mercers 70c ₱ bu.

RICE is firm, but quiet at the advance, with a small business doing at 5¼@5¾c for common to prime lots, on the usual credit.

SEEDS—There is little or none offering or selling, the season being over. We quote Clover nominally at $4,25@4,75; Timothy $2@2,25, and Flaxseed at $1,45@1,50 ₱ bus, and very quiet.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm, but dull, and the sales limited at about previous rates. Rum is steady at 30@32c. Whiskey is dull and rather lower, with sales of bbls at 17½@18c for Penna and Western; Drudge at 16½@17c, and bbls at 17@17½c.

SUGARS have been quiet and most holders are storing; some 600 hhds, however, have been disposed of, chiefly Cuba for refining, at 4¼@5¾c, and Porto Rico at 5¼@6¼c, on time. Refined Sugars are dull.

TALLOW is dull and rather lower. City rendered is quoted at 9@9½c, and country at 8½@9c, and very little selling.

TOBACCO—The market has become quiet, most of the dealers being fully supplied with both Leaf and Manufactured.

WOOL—The market is very quiet, but there is a little better feeling in the low grades.

Two balloons have been sent to Washington by order of Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island. They are in charge of an experienced aerial voyager, and will be used, when necessary, under the orders of Gen. Scott.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1195 head. Prices varying from 7 to 9½c ₱ lb. 40 Cows were sold at from $20 to 30 ₱ head. 4000 head of Sheep were disposed of at from $5,00 to 5,50 ₱ cwt, gross. 1900 Hogs brought from 8½ to 7¾ ₱ cwt, gross.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
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HUNT & MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
GREEN & CO., Nashville, Tenn.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th ultimo, at Mt. Holly, N. J. by the Rev. Mr. Billeby, J. S. WITHERS, of Philadelphia, to LIZZIE W. daughter of the late Thomas E. Deacon.

On Tuesday, April 30th, by the Rev. Jos. A. Seiss, D. D., WILLIAM W. HARKNESS, to ANNA JOHNS, daughter of the late Joshua County.

On Tuesday morning, April 30th, by the Rev. George Strobel, of St. Mary's Church, J. THEO. PLATE, to HERMENIA R. daughter of the late Geo. Sayen, both of this city.

On Wednesday, May 1st, at St. Peter's Church, by the Rev. Geo. Leeds, LANGDON WILLIAMS, of Boston, to ANNA, daughter of the late Dr. Wm. H. Klapp.

On Tuesday morning, 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, FRED. E. SWOPE, to JOSEPHINE, youngest daughter of Jas. Simpson, Esq. both of this city.

Near Berlin, Md. April 25th, by the Rev. Mr. C. Handy, Dr. J. J. PURNELL, to SARAH A. youngest daughter of John M. Taylor, Esq. all of Worcester county, Md.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th ultimo, MR. MARY C. HENDERSON, widow of the late Saml. J. Henderson, Esq.

In the 52d year of her age, JULIA, daughter of the late Josiah O. Hoffman, of New York.

On Friday, the 26th ultimo, MOSES KEMPTON, in his 75th year.

In Albion, Illinois, on Sunday, April 14, 1861, in his 86th year, HENRY J. HUTCHINGS, born in Barbadoes, West Indies, and for many years resident in Philadelphia.

On the 26th ultimo, MR. ABRAHAM ROBINSON.

On the 28th ultimo, MISS CATHARINE CHESNUT, in her 78th year.

On the 26th ultimo, MR. WILLIAM RAMBO, in his 80th year.

On the 28th ultimo, JACOB RIGLER, Sr. in his 80th year.

On the 28th ultimo, CLARA ROHNER, in her 53d year.

On Thursday, 25th ultimo, WILLIAM SHERES, in his 76th year.

On Sunday, the 28th ultimo, BERTHA E. SMITH, daughter of Josiah W. Smith, in her 23d year.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			RAILROAD STOCKS		
U S 6 pr ct, —	—	—	Pennsylvania RR		
" " coupon —	—	—	1st mort bonds	99	100
Phila 6 pr ct, old	104	104	2nd "	82	—
" " new	96	—	" stock	264	264
" 5 pr ct, —	—	—	Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct 1st bonds, 1904	—	—
Penna 6 pr ct, —	—	—	" stock	107½	—
" coupon —	—	—	Reading R & 6 pr ct bonds, '70	—	—
All'gt City 6 pr ct, —	—	—	mort 1's '84	—	—
" County " —	—	—	" 2nd "	65	—
Penn 6 pr ct, —	74½	75	" stock	15½	16
" 5 " —	71	72	Phil, Wil & Balt stock	271	—
" coupon —	—	—	Elmira 6 pr ct loan '80	—	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct —	—	—	" 7's 1st mort	—	—
Missouri " —	—	—	2nd "	—	—
Indiana " 1886	—	—	" stock	—	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct —	—	—	Harrisburg 6 pr ct	—	—
Virginia " —	—	—	2nd "	—	—
Int State pr ct, —	—	—	" stock	—	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.			Catawissa	—	—
Sch Navy 6 pr ct loan '70	76	—	Beaver Meadow stock	52½	75
" 6 pr ct loan '89	—	—	" preferred	—	—
Lehigh Nav stock	40½	40¾	North Penn'a R R stock	—	8
" mort 6 pr ct	—	—	" 6 pr ct loan	83	—
" preferred	11½	12	Phil Ger & Norr R R stock, div'd off	47	48
Lehigh Val stock	49	49½	" 6 pr ct loan	—	—
" 6 pr ct	98	—	Erie R R stock	17½	17¾
Morris Canal'd	42	47	Michigan Southern	21½	21¾
" preferred	103	105	Michigan Central	61½	—
Ches & Del	—	—	N Y Central	72	72½
Union	—	75	Illinois	61	—
Union	—	—	Michigan Southern	13½	—
Sus & Tidewater	—	—			
bonds, 1870	—	—			

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, May 4, 1861.

Alabama	—dis.	Missouri	—dis.
Canada	4 dis.	Nebraska	—dis.
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	15 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	Nova Scotia	4 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	—dis.	New Jersey par	to 1 dis.
Florida	—dis.	New York City	1 dis.
Georgia	—dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	—dis.	North Carolina	—dis.
Indiana	3 dis.	Nova Scotia	—dis.
Iowa	10 dis.	Ohio	—dis.
Kansas		Penney vania par	to 3 dis.
Kentucky	5 dis.	Rhode Island	—dis.
Louisiana	4 dis.	South Caro ina	—dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	10 to 50 dis.
Maryland	2 dis.	Texas	—dis.
Massachusetts	—dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	—dis.	Virginia	2 dis.
Minnesota	—dis.	Wisconsin	15 to 75 dis.
Mississippi	—dis.		

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-cowly

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For the restoration to health of those who have been stricken by Apoplexy or Paralysis they are the only Reliable Medicine. In all affections of the Lungs, Chest and Bowels their prompt use saves life and quickly cures. Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Cholera, Wind Spasms, Worms, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhea, Dysentery, whether from Malaria, eating unripe fruits, or other faults in diet, yield to their influence. Asthma, Gout, Rheumatisms, Liver Affections, Ruptures, Inflammations of any organ, Fevers, whether Ague or other specific fevers; Bilious diseases, Jaundice, St. Vitus' Dance, Smallpox, Measles, Croup, Erysipelas, White Swellings, Piles, Ulcers of even thirty years' continuance, and especially Ulcers of the Liver, have all been cured permanently by these celebrated Vegetable Universal Pills. In Female Complaints and Nervous Diseases they have been equally successful. (Vide change of life, both first and second periods.) Epilepsy, Depression of Spirits, Frightful Dreams, all obstructions and relaxations are by them cured, dispersed and corrected.

These celebrated Pills are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions, at 294 Canal Street, New York, Dr. Brandreth's Office, and by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia; by W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second Street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. my11-3t

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It has cured GOITRE or Swelled neck.

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CEPHALIC PILLS,
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WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM
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As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. SPALDING, *they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.*

MADONVILLE, CONN., Feb. 5, 1861.

MR. SPALDING,

Sir:

I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and *I like them so well* that I want you to send me two dollars' worth more.

Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.

Send the Pills by mail, and oblige

Your ob't Servant,

JAMES KENNEDY.

HAVERFORD, PA., Feb. 6, 1861.

MR. SPALDING,

Sir:

I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills. *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.* Yours, respectfully,

MARY ANN STOLKHOUSE.

SPRUCE CREEK, HUNTINGTON CO., PA., January 18, 1861.

H. C. SPALDING,

Sir:

You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.

Respectfully yours,

JNO. R. SIMONS.

P. S.—*I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

BELLE VERNON, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.

HENRY C. SPALDING, Esq.

Please find inclosed twenty five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.*

Direct A. STOVER, P. M.,
Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

BEVERLY, MASS., Dec. 11, 1860.

H. C. SPALDING, Esq.

I wish for some circulars or large show bills, to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have anything of the kind, please send to me.

One of my customers, who is subject to severe Sick Headache, (usually lasting two days,) *was cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills,* which I sent her. Respectfully yours,

W. B. WILKES.

REYNOLDSBURG, FRANKLIN CO., OHIO, January 9, 1861.

HENRY C. SPALDING,

No. 48 Cedar st., N. Y.

DEAR SIR:

Inclosed find twenty-five cents, (25,) for which send box of "Cephalic Pills." Send to address of Rev. Wm. C. Filler, Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio.

Your Pills work like a charm—cure Headache almost instanter.

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THE attention of the enterprising and industrious portion of the community is directed to the following statements and liberal inducements offered them by the

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which, as they will perceive, will enable them, by proper energy, perseverance and industry, to provide comfortable homes for themselves and families, with comparatively speaking, very little capital.

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No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the settler as the State of Illinois. There is no portion of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, CORN and WHEAT, as the Prairies of Illinois.

THE SOUTHERN PART

Of the State lies within the zone of the Union rank as while the soil is admirably adapted to the growth of Tobacco and Hemp, and the Wheat is worth from 15 to 20 cts. more per bushel than that raised further north.

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The deep rich loam of the prairies is cultivated with ease, a wonderful facility that the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States are moving to Illinois in great numbers. The soil is inexhaustible, and will remain in a state of cultivation for centuries without manuring.

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These lands are contiguous to a railroad 700 miles in length, which connects with other roads and navigable lakes and rivers, thus affording an unbroken communication with the Eastern and Southern markets.

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Thus far, capital and labor have been applied to developing the soil; the great resources of the State in coal and iron remaining untouched. The inducements that the mechanic arts flourish best where food and fuel are cheapest, will follow at an early day in Illinois, and in the meantime the unrivalled facilities for cheap transportation of the raw materials will insure a ready accumulation of the capital required to put in motion the latent energies, and people will be engaged in the State of Illinois in various manufacturing employments.

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Over $100,000,000 of private capital have been expended on the railroad system of Illinois. Inasmuch as part of the income from several of these works, with a valuable public fund in banks, are to be applied to the expenses; the TAXES ARE LIGHT, and must consequently every day decrease.

THE STATE DEBT.

The State debt is only $10,106,308 14, and within the *last three years* has been reduced $2,360,746 80, and we may reasonably expect that in ten years it will become so small

Pamphlets descriptive of the lands, soil, climate, productions, prices, and terms of payment, can be had on application to

J. W. FOSTER, Land Commissioner,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

For the names of the Towns, Villages, and Cities situated upon the Illinois Cent. R., see pages 188, 189 & 190, APPLETON'S RAILWAY GUIDE.

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The State is rapidly filling up with populations; and its present settlement has been added since 1850, making the present population 1,720,683, a ratio of 105 per cent. in ten years.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural Products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The products must out during the next year exceed 1,500,000 bushels. The wheat crop of 1860 exceeded 25,000,000 bushels, while the corn crops yields not less than 150,000,000 bushels.

FERTILITY OF THE SOIL.

Numbers can the inhabitants farmer assure such immense results for his labor as upon these prairie soils; they being composed of a deep rich loam, the fertility of which, is unsurpassed by any on the globe.

TO ACTUAL CULTIVATORS.

Since 1854, the Company have sold 1,200,000 acres. They will *only sell to actual settlers*, and *not even to them in large quantities*, as *agreement to cultivate*. The road has been *constructed through these lands at an expense of* $20,000,000. In 1850 the population of the counties through which it passes, was only 253,508 since which 479,701 have been added; making the whole population 414,491, a gain of 163 per cent.

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be cited that 800,000 tons of freight, including 8,000,000 bushels of grain, and 250,000 barrels of flour were forwarded over the line last year.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and workingmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State and endowed with a large revenue from one quarter of the public lands. Children can live in sight of the church and schoolhouse, and grow up with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great Western Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The prices of those lands vary from $6 to $25 per acre, according to location, quality, &c. Five times the value of the farming lands sell for about $10 to $12 per acre; and this relative expense of subduing prairie land as compared with timber land has been fully met by the reduction of the former. The terms of sale for the bulk of these lands will be

ONE YEAR'S INTEREST IN ADVANCE,

at six per cent. per annum, and six interest notes at six per cent., payable respectively in one, two, three, four, five and six years from date of sale; and four notes for principal, payable in four, five, six and seven years from date of sale; the contract stipulating that one-tenth part of the land purchased shall be fenced and cultivated, each and every year, for five years from date of sale, so that at the end of five years one half shall be fenced and under cultivation.

TWENTY PER CENT. WILL BE DEDUCTED

from the valuation for cash, except the same should be at six dollars per acre, when the cash price will be five dollars.

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT,

Has been for thirty years the Standard Remedy.

It will be admitted that no better evidence of the great curative powers of this EXPECTORANT can be offered than the grateful testimony of those who have been restored to health by its use, and the widespread popularity which, during a period of a quarter of a century has in the face of all competition, and which has created a constantly increased demand for it in all parts of the world. It is not to be supposed that it can be laid before the public from time to time, until the most skeptical must acknowledge that for all Pulmonary complaints, it is truly an invaluable remedy.

RECENT COUGHS AND COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, &c., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and Expectorant properties.

ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.

BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the Cough and Pain.

CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease, no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation—relieves the Cough and Pain—removes the difficulty of breathing and produces an easy expectoration, whereby the irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.

WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the disease one half, and greatly mitigates the sufferings of the patient.

In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, BRONCHITIS, &c., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant, and reliable, and may be especially commended to MINISTERS, TRAVELLERS, and SINGERS, for the relief of Hoarseness, and for all Throat Affections, Coughs, &c.

This EXPECTORANT and all of *Jayne's Family Medicines*, are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. ap13-1y

NATURAL MAGIC!

Suppose a case. Suppose you have sandy, red, white, grizzly, or flaming yellow hair. Suppose you prefer a light brown, a rich dark brown, or a raven black. Well, you apply (if you are wise)

CRISTADORO'S Excelsior Hair Dye,

and in ten minutes your mirror shows you a

WONDERFUL TRANSFORMATION!

Every hair that is a few moments before was unsightly blended now assumes an element of beauty. "A magnificent head of hair" is the exclamation whenever you uncover. The difference between

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

was not more striking than that between a gray or red head in a state of nature, and one to which the famous dye has been applied.

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No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Sold everywhere, and applied for all Hair Dressers. ap27 ww2t

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ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $5 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 PER DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,) ALTON & CO.,
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ap27 10t T. T. SEELYE, M. D., Proprietor.

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DO YOU WANT WHISKERS
DO YOU WANT A MOUSTACHE?
DO YOU WANT A MOUSTACHE?

BELLINGHAM'S
CELEBRATED
STIMULATING ONGUENT
FOR THE WHISKERS AND HAIR.

The subscribers take pleasure in announcing to the citizens of the United States, that they have obtained the agency for, and are now enabled to offer to the American public the above justly celebrated and world-renowned article.

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WHISKERS OR A MUSTACHE

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It is a beautifully perfumed, healing, yet stimulating compound, acting as if by magic upon the roots, causing a beautiful growth of luxuriant hair. If applied to the scalp it will cure baldness, and cause to spring up in place of the bald spots a fine growth of new hair. Applied according to directions it will keep off or tone hair old, and restore gray hair to its original color—leaving it soft, smooth and flexible. The "ONGUENT" is an indispensable article in every gentleman's toilet, and after once using it we know it would not for any consideration be without it. The subscribers are the only agents for the article in the United States, to whom all orders must be addressed.

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As a Wash for the Complexion has no equal. It is distinguished for its cooling and soothing properties, and is admirably adapted to all unnatural conditions of the skin; removing Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, Redness and Roughness of the Skin, &c., curing Chapped Hands, and allaying the irritation caused by the bites of Mosquitoes, and other ann

Wit and Humor.

HOW SAL DISGRACED THE FAMILY.

A traveller in the State of Illinois, some years ago, came to a lone log hut on the prairies, near Cairo, and there halted. He went into the house of logs. It was a wretched affair, with an empty packing-box for a table, while two or three old chairs and dissabled stools graced the reception room, the dark walls of which were further ornamented by a display of dirty tinware and a broken delf article or two. The woman was crying in one corner, and the man, with tears in his eyes and a pipe in his mouth, sat on a stool, with his dirty arms resting on his knees, and his sorrowful looking head supported by the palms of his hands. Not a word greeted the interloper. "Well," he said, "you seem to be in awful trouble here; what's up?" "Oh, we are most crazed, neighbor," said the woman; "and we ain't got no patience to see folks now." "That's all right," said the visitor, not much taken aback by this polite rebuff, "but can I be of any service to you in all this trouble?" "Well, we're lost our gal; our Sal's gone off and left us," said the man, in tones of despair. "Ah, do you know what induced her to leave you?" remarked the new arrival. "We can't say, stranger, as how she's so far lost as to be induced; but then she's gone and disgraced us," remarked the afflicted father. "Yes, neighbor, and not as I should say it as is her mother, but there warn't a pootier gal in the West than our Sal; she's gone and brought ruin on us and on her own head now," followed the stricken mother. "Who has she gone with?" asked the visitor. "Well, there's the trouble. The gal could have done well, and might have married Martin Kehoe, a capital shoemaker, who although he's got but one eye, plays the flute in a lively manner, and earns a good living. Then look what a home and what a life she has deserted! She was here surrounded by all the luxury in the country," said the father. "Yes, who knows what poor Sal will have to eat, drink, or wear, now?" groaned the old woman. "And who is the fellow that has taken her from you to lead her into such misery?" quoth the stranger. "Why, she's gone off and got married to a critter called an editor, as lives in the village, and the deuce only knows how they are to earn a living?"

TAKING OUT ALL THE GREASE FROM THE AXIS!—A gentleman who has spent some days in the region of the oil wells in Pennsylvania, says that, in his opinion, the Government of the United States, or some other mundane power, ought to interfere at once and put a stop to further boring and pumping for oil on this continent. He is quite certain that the oil is being drawn through these wells by the bearings of the earth's axis, and that the earth will cease to turn when the lubrication ceases. Such a suspension would beat anything that ever agitated Wall street, and the consequence will be too great for ordinary minds to contemplate or comprehend. It had better be attended to at once.

A SAFE MAN TO INSURE.—By a steamboat explosion on a Western river a passenger was thrown unhurt into the water, and at once struck out lustily for the shore, blowing like a porpoise all the while. He reached the bank almost exhausted, and was caught by a bystander and drawn out panting.

"Well, old fellow," said his friend, "had a hard time, eh?"

"Ye-yes, pretty hard, considerin'. Wasn't doin' it for myself, though; was a workin' for one o' them insurance offices in New York. Got a policy on my life, and I wanted to save *them*. I didn't care."

STRICT INTERPRETATION.—"John, I am going to church, and if it should rain, I wish you to come with the umbrella for me; however, you need not come unless it should 'rain downright.'" The gentleman went. It did rain, but John had gone to the other end of the town to see Mary. His master came back with drenched garments and a look of implacable anger. "John, John," said he, "why didn't you bring the umbrella?" "Because, sir," replied John, "it rained *slanting*."

A DISPROVER.—Mr. Brougham, during his indefatigable canvass of Yorkshire, in the course of which he often addressed ten or a dozen meetings in a day, thought fit to harangue the electors of Leeds immediately on his arrival and without waiting to perform his customary ablutions. "These hands are clean," cried he, at the conclusion of a diatribe against corruption; but they happened to be very dirty; and this practical contradiction raised a hearty laugh.

SINGING THE "WRANG TUNE."—On Sunday week a Presbyterian congregation, worshipping in an ancient pile, were somewhat tickled to observe their precentor cease singing in the middle of a verse, and hear him give out the following line for the special edification of some one in his immediate vicinity —"I say, Betsy, woman, you're singing the wrang tune," and then resume his avocation with as solemn a countenance as if nothing particular had occurred.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—Mrs. Piozzi, says Lord H. Poulett wrote to a gentleman to send him over *two* monkeys; but the word being written *two*, and all the characters of one height, it appeared like "100." What was poor Lord Harry Poulett's dismay, when a letter came to hand with the news that he would receive fifty monkeys by such a ship, and fifty more by the next conveyance, making up a *hundred*, according to his lordship's commands!

☞ The horse "warranted to stand without tying," which a man bought at auction the other day, is offered for sale by the purchaser, with the additional guaranty that "he will not move without whipping."

THE AMERICAN MURAT.

BY J. T. TUCKERMAN.

Sitting in the tavern-porch of that American village, Bordentown, or roaming listlessly through the fields with a dog and gun, might then be seen a lusty improvident, one of those characters who seem born to personify the "fellow about town," ready to join the first passing acquaintance in a drink, a bet, or an hour's gossip—good-natured and boastful, not without the lingering pride of the decayed gentleman, but of too social a humor and in circumstances too straitened to admit of an exclusive taste in companionship. This free-and-easy representative of the first Napoleonic dynasty was no other than the son of Murat, that ideal of the melo-dramatic hero, whose brilliant attire and impetuous, humble origin and regal popularity, wild ambition, and tragic death, form the materials for a medieval romance. The unadventurous scion of this gay warrior had married an American lady, who kept an excellent school in Bordentown, and maintained her self respect, while she bravely struggled with poverty and supported her idle lord.

On Sundays, at the village church, the tall and elegant daughter, whose proud features and reserved manners seemed prophetic of a better fortune, won every eye. The gentlemen of the place used to lend Murat a few shillings at a time, and the tradesmen gave him credit to an extent which, it is said, some of them have repented; while he would often astonish his rustic neighbors by brilliant pictures of rank and wealth, should his family regain power in France—a thing so little imagined at that epoch, that he was considered an amusing visionary. With such reminiscences, it seemed like a dream to behold him the central figure, and a most solid one, too, of a little mimic court in Paris, where his levees were regularly attended by scores of Italian refugees, confidently anticipating that under the title of Murat the Second he would, with his cousin's aid, assume the sceptre of Naples, how his state near the Tuileries contrasted with his lounging isolation by the Delaware!—*May Knicker-backer.*

GOOD ADVICE.—PERHAPS.—Ladies, listen to some advice—you need it badly enough, there's not a question of that. Don't give your beaux a chance to feel sure of you. It's bad for them and it's worse for you. There are exceptions, to be sure; there are men who may be safely trusted with the knowledge that they are all in all to the heart of the woman they are wooing; but such are deplorably few. The ardor of most men lasts only so long as lasts their uncertainty. Keep them off, and they'll grow more and more devoted. Bring them near, and they'll cool off as fast as a flat-iron in the snow. Let them think you care little for them or their love, and they will try hard to become more worthy of your regard. Not flirt, nor strive to wound their feelings; we don't mean that—humanity forbid! But don't make yourself cheap. Just keep your own counsel, and the more hopelessly in love you are, the more do you guard the knowledge of that fact from your lover. Keep it down and in, all that you possibly can, till the magic words are said that make you one; then take off the bands, but do it gradually—"grow upon him"—show him by degrees the strength of the passion which he has awakened in your soul.

SCREAMING FISHES.—From the letter of an intelligent lady I make the following extract —"In the early part of December I called upon a Quaker gentleman at Darlington, for whom I waited in a room in which stood a small aquarium, containing, along with the usual allotment of sea-anemones, star fishes, &c., five fishes not larger than minnows—a species of blennies, as I was informed. After watching their motions for a few minutes, as they floated near the surface of the water, I stooped down to examine them more nearly; when, to my utter amazement, they simultaneously set up a *shriek of terror* so loud and piercing, that I sprang back as if I had been electrified. I think a human being could hardly have set up a louder or shriller scream than did these tiny inhabitants of the water. Have you ever met with, or heard of, in any other case of the finny tribe, so striking an exception to the truth of the common saying, 'As mute as a fish?'"—*Notes and Queries.*

INSECT MUSIC.—All that we read is not gospel. Buffon, Goldsmith, and others tell us that flying insects like musquitoes, locusts, and so on, make the humming noise they do by beating the air with their wings. It's all a mistake. They sing just like ourselves, only their vocal organs are deposited not in their throats, but along the sides of their bodies. They use (so the microscope assures us) a wind-pipe, the outlet to which is furnished with a vibrating valve like that employed on the accordeon; but then a man has only one of these arrangements, while most insects have at least a dozen; and through each of the dozen, as they fly, the air is made to rush with prodigious effect and some degree of melody.

THE HUMAN EAR.—M. Fessel, of Cologne, on testing the new Parisian tuning fork, observed that he heard differently with his two ears—the note heard with the right ear being somewhat higher than that heard with the left. On examining his musical friends he has not yet found one, even among part-musicians, whose ears are precisely alike in the estimation of the pitch of musical tones. He conjectures that the reason for this difference in hearing is, probably, that the external passage of the ear is set in vibration, like a speaking-trumpet, by the sounds that enter it, and that this vibration modifies the pitch of the entering sound according to the form of the individual ear.

☞ Time is the most paradoxical of all things; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past while we attempt to define it.

MAMMA.—"Dear! dear! dear! What a pity it is you can't agree!"

SMALL BOY.—"Well, mamma, we should agree, only she's so unkind! She won't be a pig, and let me drive her about by the leg!"

DESCENDANTS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A correspondent of the London Builder makes the following statement:

"Your correspondent, 'A. B.,' in his interesting notes on 'Descendants of Eminent British Worthies,' falls into a mistake in saying that Sir Walter Scott's 'race' has 'perished' and also that 'those of but slight relationship inherit his land and title. Now, not only has Sir Walter Scott a direct descendant living, but at the same time the title is extinct at present. The representative of Sir Walter Scott is Mary Monicia Scott, the daughter of Mr. Hope Scott, the eminent parliamentary counsel, and Charlotte, the daughter of Lockhart, who, as all the world knows, was Scott's son-in-law, having married Sir Walter Scott's eldest daughter, Sophia. Mary Monicia Scott is the only surviving daughter of the late Mrs. Hope Scott; for, although a son and several other daughters were born, they died prematurely. Miss Hope Scott, who is now about nine years of age, is, therefore, the great grandchild of Sir Walter Scott by the female side, and is the heiress of Abbotsford house and estate, her father, Mr. Hope Scott, being merely administrator or tutor in respect to the property at present. Should Mary Monicia Scott die without issue, then the property, but not the title, will revert to the nephew or nephews of Sir Walter Scott, the sons of the eldest brother, who, I believe, are at present resident in America, or some of the other colonies."

THE SEA.

Whilst the sea is yet unseen, it makes itself felt and heard. At first there is a distant, dull monotony of sound, and gradually, this far off murmur swells into a roar which absorbs and dominates all other voices. At once the attention is arrested by the solemn alternation, the invariable return of the deep, low note, ever swelling into thunder. Not so regular the oscillation of the pendulum which measures the hours. But very far is its regularity from being like the uniformity of mechanic motion. We feel in it, rather, or believe we feel in it, the vibrating intonation of life. In fact, at the moment of the flood, when wave rises upon wave, immense, electric, there mingles with the rolling storm of the waters the murmur of the shells and the thousand various beings which are borne along with them in their course, and at the reflux of the waves there is a sound which makes us comprehend that the sea carries back along with the sands these, its faithful tributes, and receives them into its bosom. Wherever one may behold the ocean it is ever imposing and terrible. Such is it around headlands, from whence it spreads far away in all directions; such, and sometimes even more so, in those broad but circumscribed places where it is vexed and trammelled by enclosing shores, and where it rushes in with furious currents which hurl it high upon the rocks. In such situations as these its infinite expanse is wanting; but the spirit of its infinity is ever present; without visible sign, it makes itself felt, and even the more powerfully for having none.—*Michelet.*

A RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.—Make it a rule of life never to be absent from your wife when, consistent with your duty as a man of business and a citizen, it is possible for you to be present, and never go out for what the world calls pleasure without her. This is a sound rule and a just one. You ought to have every thing in common, to share each other's sorrows and joys; and how a man who really loves his wife can go out and find entertainment, night after night, I am at a loss to conceive. No man has a right to be absent from his wife beyond what is absolutely necessary. You will say, "May I not join a rifle corps?" Oh, yes, by all means, if you have time, but come home directly after the exercise is over. "May I not go out with this or that friend, or to this or that party?" I say, "No, not without your wife."—*Business Life.*

☞ Never be ashamed of confessing your ignorance, for the wisest man upon earth is ignorant of many things, insomuch that what he knows is mere nothing in comparison with what he does not know. There cannot be a greater folly in the world than to suppose that we know everything.

THE EAST WIND.—Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander was very sensitive to the influence of the east wind. On one occasion, when speaking of the cruelty of the devil, he said "Satan has no mercy; he comes upon us when the east wind is blowing." At another time, when a student inquired of him if he always enjoyed full assurance of faith, he replied, with true philosophy and wit—"Yes, except when the east wind blows."

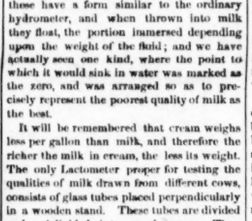
☞ We have often seen a cow part with her milk in the most patient manner, and then turn round, and upset the pail. It reminds us always of a generous action gracelessly done.

Agricultural.

LACTOMETER.

Many forms have been proposed for the Lactometer, an implement for testing the quality of milk for butter making. Some of these have a form similar to the ordinary hydrometer, and when thrown into milk they float, the portion immersed depending upon the weight of the fluid; and we have actually seen one kind, where the point to which it would sink in water was marked as the zero, and was arranged so as to precisely represent the poorest quality of milk as the best.

It will be remembered that cream weighs less per gallon than milk, and therefore the richer the milk in cream, the less its weight. The only Lactometer proper for testing the qualities of milk drawn from different cows, consists of glass tubes placed perpendicularly in a wooden stand. These tubes are divided and subdivided into equal spaces. They should be filled to uniform height, each with the milk of a particular cow, when, after remaining a proper time, the quantity of cream in each is readily seen through the glass oc-



cupying the upper surface of the milk, and the exact difference may be determined by the marks. If one of these tubes be filled with the first milk taken from the cow, and another with the milk last taken, it will be found that the quantity of cream in the latter will nearly, or quite double, that of the first tube. The instrument is represented in our cut.

Every dairy should be supplied with the above implement, and also with the thermometer for testing the temperature of the milk before churning; as milk should never be churned at a temperature above 62 degrees, Fahrenheit, the thermometer becomes a necessary appendage to the dairy.—*Working Farmer.*

ONE WAY TO PRESERVE MEAT IN WARM WEATHER.

What is a greater luxury to an old-fashioned business man, occasionally, than a platter of well-prepared bacon and eggs? In the premises, I would state, that meat smoked in cold weather, is better than in warm, and that different persons have different ways of pickling and preparing their meat for the smoke-house. When the pickling is accomplished upon any plan, the next thing wanted, is a suitable smoke-house adapted to the quantity of meat to be smoked. As my operations have been upon a small scale, seldom amounting to the curing of the legs and shoulders of more than two hogs, I have used a hogshead of a large size, with one head taken out, then an auger hole bored nigh the crossing of the removed head through the starves in the centre, to admit a stick large enough to sustain the meat which is fastened to the stick with strings, then the removed head returned to its place, for a cover to keep the smoke in; then an iron pan with smoking corn-cobs is inserted through a hole previously made at the lower end of the cask for a door; the pan is to rest on the unremoved head covered with sand to prevent its burning, then a tight door fitted to the opening, is applied to hinder a blaze of the cobs and retain the smoke in the cask. A supply of cobs may be introduced two or more times a day, for a week, when probably the meat will be sufficiently smoked for food.

Now for the most important part of the operation. Every person of experience knows how difficult it is to keep bacon sweet through the summer months; flies and other nauseous insects are attracted to it, and deposit their filthy eggs and slimy larva in every available crevice, till the meat is worthless, and more than all that, all animal matter has a tendency to taint and decompose, and bacon is very liable to suffer in that way, unless indurated with salt to such a degree as to render it unpalatable. As smoke is a disinfectant, and a strong antiseptic, all the bacon that is to be kept for summer use I let remain in the smoke-house, and occasionally fumigate it with a pan of smoking cobs, the best preventive of taint as well as repellent of flies, bugs, and other nauseous insects. I have kept bacon, through the summer months, by this process, free from taint and contamination of all insects, "as good as new." I make no pretension to the invention of preserving meat in this way, further than the after smokings, which I have had no knowledge of having been done by any of my acquaintance.—*Cor. N. E. Farmer.*

SUCCESSFUL FARMING.

The following examples of successful farming, which have come under my own observation, may encourage men who have had doubts thrown over their minds in regard to the practicability of making the business profitable.

Some sixty years ago a man came to Western New York from New England or New Jersey, I am not certain which, his axe and a little loose change being about all the property he had. He worked several years for different farmers, and then bought land for himself. He now has a farm of 600 acres or more, has given two sons each a good farm, and pays taxes on *two hundred thousand dollars* of personal property. He has never had any business but farming.

I know another man whose father left him a farm of about 200 acres, something over thirty years ago, with some incumbrances on it in the shape of legacies to other heirs, who now has over 400 acres of land, and *fifty thousand dollars* at interest. He also has done no business but farming.

Several men have worked for me, who, though they had nothing when they came, are now well off. A young Scotchman worked for me over thirty years ago, who had but three cents when he began, but who now has a good farm of 200 acres, well stocked, and he is free from debt. He knew how to do the mechanical part of farming thoroughly, but knew nothing about speculation. I could name others who have acquired fortunes wholly by farming.

A farmer of small means should be very economical and still very liberal. He should be economical in dress for himself and family, and in his dwelling and furniture; he should be liberal in feeding his stock, manuring his land, and in supplying labor to work his land. I have seen many farmers who were kept always poor by trying to do too much work for the number of laborers employed, whereas if they had hired double the labor it would have paid abundantly. This is a very common mistake.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Useful Receipts.

HOW TO BOIL RICE.—Put one quart of water in a pot, boil it, wash half a pound of rice, and throw it into the boiling water; boil for ten minutes, or until each grain is rather soft, but separate; drain it in a cullender, put it back in a pot which you have slightly greased with butter, let it swell slowly near the fire, or in the oven, until wanted. A little butter may be added; each grain will then swell up, and be well separated.

VEAL STUFFING.—Chop half a pound of suet, put it in a basin with three quarters of a pound of bread-crumbs, a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of pepper, a little thyme, or lemon peel chopped, three whole eggs, mix well, and use where directed. A pound of bread-crumbs and one more egg may be used; it will make it cut firmer.

BOILED RABBIT.—Stuff a rabbit as in veal stuffing, put in pot ten or twelve large onions, with four quarts of water; boil them till tender, then add the rabbit, simmering slowly for one hour, if large; dish it up, keeping it warm; take out the onions, chop them, and put into the pan or the pot with two ounces of butter, half a teaspoonful of pepper, four of flour; mix all well, to form a puree, add a pint of milk, boil twenty minutes, stirring now and then; pour over the rabbit and serve; little pieces of pickled pork boiled with it is an improvement. Use the broth as above.

SAVORY RICE.—Take six pounds of bones, broken small; boil in eight quarts water for three hours, having added three tablespoonsful of salt, a bunch of thyme, bay-leaf, and savory, if you have any. When done, pour it into an earthen pan and remove the bones; the fat will do for puddings; or put the fat or two ounces of dripping into the pot, with two onions cut thin, half a pound of either carrots, turnips, or celery, cut thin; two teaspoonsful of sugar; put it on the fire for fifteen minutes, stirring it continually; add half a pound of oatmeal, and mix well; then pour over the stock that has come from the bones. Add one pound of rice previously washed; boil till tender, and serve. This will be found both cheap and nutritious.—*Soyer's Cookery for the People.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 28, 15, 35, 21, 29, 12, 4, 18, 30, 26, is a city in the United States.

My 31, 22, 14, 27, is a title of nobility.

My 2, 33, 18, is a destructive animal.

My 25, 6, 5, 34, is a man's name.

My 32, 17, 28, 5, is one of the United States.

My 22, 2, 3, 30, 26, is one of the planets.

My 34, 25 9, 29, 17, 12, is the name of a revolutionary general.

My 6, 8, 30, 5, 28, 33, 14, 13, is a United States man of war.

My 19, 25, 10, 13, 9, 35, 18, 17, 28, 26, is a town in Maryland.

My 21, 8, 29, 9, 18, is a part of the human system.

My 4, 8, 22, 14, 10, 13, 28, 33, 35, 19, 33, 26, 10, 18, 17, 12, is the name of a great and good man.

My 1, 14, 29, 10, 35, 27, 8, is a body of men.

My 35, 11, 12, 5, 18, 13, is a learned body.

My 33, 17, 21, 12, 1, 13, 16, 24, is the name of a statesman.

My whole is the name of a Revolutionary officer. W. L. H.

Rockville, Montgomery Co., Maryland.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 1, 18, 3, 14, 9, 19, is a county in Virginia.

My 2, 7, 5, 31, 6, 1, is a county in North Carolina.

My 4, 30, 32, 28, is a county in Alabama.

My 8, 18, 16, 34, 6, is a county in Louisiana.

My 10, 33, 5, 12, 15, 24, is a county in New York.

My 13, 18, 12, 6, 19, is a county in Michigan.

My 11, 18, 31, 25, 6, 12, is a county in Georgia.

My 17, 18, 27, 24, 2, 31, 33, is a county in Ohio.

My 20, 6, 25, 32, 26, is a county in Ohio.

My 32, 21, 33, is a county in Illinois.

My 10, 22, 18, 31, 16, 33, is a county in Texas.

My 29, 18, 5, 5, is a county in Texas.

My whole is an old saying.

Newport, R. I. EDWARD NEWTON.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a certain number,
An odd one you will find,
I think you soon can guess my name,
If you are so inclined.
Although I'm odd, cut off my head,
And I am even then:
Then close your eyes, pluck out my heart,
And then I will be seen.

Alleghany City, Pa. W. A. P.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is a range of mountains in Asia.
Is a town in China.
Is a cape of North America.
Is a division of Africa.
Is an island in Europe.
Is one of the United States.
My initials a river in the Old World, my finals place of situation. SAMUEL LAIRD.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first dreads my second, for my second destroys my first, while many delight in my whole.
SAMUEL LAIRD.

ANAGRAMS

On Rivers in the United States.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Dan. A. Cain.	B. A. W. Ash.
Beck N. Keen.	Ann V. Hase.
Ed. D. Racer.	Ben. O. P. Scot.
Ed. W. A. Read.	Em. R. Camir.
Hen. Y. Agell.	Ben. E. R. Grier.

Philada. W. T. TOTTEN.

TRIGONOMETRICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

From the top of a tower by the sea side, of 162 feet high, I observed that the angle of depression of a ship's bottom, then at anchor, was 35 degrees. What was its distance from the bottom of the wall? THOMAS H. PATTON.

Cains P. O., Lancaster Co.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What is the interest on $13\frac{1}{4}$, $13\frac{1}{2}$ cents, and $13\frac{1}{4}$ mills, for $15\frac{1}{4}$ years, $13\frac{1}{2}$ months, $13\frac{1}{4}$ days, and $13\frac{1}{4}$ hours, at $13\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

Pocahontas High School. S. C. HOPE.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a boy tired of skating like a modern politician? Ans.—Because he is for getting off ice (office.)

☞ Why is the world like a piano? Ans.—Because it is full of sharps and flats.

☞ Who was the Founder of Clubs? Ans.—Hercules.

☞ What is the Universal Summer Complaint? Ans.—Heat.

☞ Which is the funniest, you or I? Ans.—I, to be sure, because I'm the querist.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—Pleasant Ridge College, Platt County, Mo. RIDDLE—Utah. GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS—Hainan in Asia, (Hawaii, Alterton, Indiana, Naples, Altai, Niagara.) OMISSION—Simon Cameron. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—The father's present age 37½, and the son's 21½ years; in 22½ years the father will be 60 and the son 50. PROBABILITY QUESTION—5-17.

Answer to S. M. White's PROBLEM published March 30th, 11.715728 feet from small end and 8.284292 feet from wide end. James W. Colyer, Pocahontas High School.

Answer to J. F. H.'s PROBLEM, same date. A would receive $16.64, B $14.08, and C $8.96. John H. Walker, Pocahontas High School. As this answer does not agree with those already published, there must be a mistake in one or the other.

☞ ART AND NATURE.—The Farmer's Journal says that "there is great art in making a good cheese." Yes, a fine fresh cheese is an admirable production of art, and a very old one is often a specimen of "animated nature."